

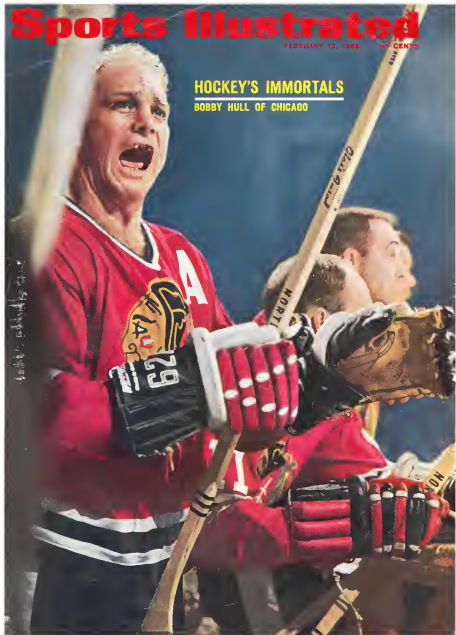
Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 12, 1968

50 CENTS

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- ☐ 5,000,000 shares;
- ☐ 10,000,000 shares.

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A third service is to suggest stocks. Ask a registered representative for several possibilities and for facts about the companies—their profit records, dividend histories, new developments that might have come to light. He may be able to provide special studies on companies and industries. Ask for his own opinion, too. Then make your judgment.

Fourth, ask him to clarify any of the investment terms that might puzzle you, to explain how an order is executed, the risk inherent in any investment, and why stock prices go both ways—up and down.

A fifth service is to supply statements showing transactions in your account, an easy record for tax purposes.



QUESTION 3. The commission you pay when you buy or sell stock is one of the smallest for the transfer of property of any kind. What's the average commission investors pay?

- ☐ 1% of the dollar value of the stock;
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AN OLD FRIEND came across this picture of the "White Rabbit" and it reminded us of the early days of Jack Daniel's Distillery.

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AN APOLOGY. If you've already written to Mr. Dusenberry, but haven't received your picture yet, there's a reason. It seems that in all of the year-end rush, he misplaced a few of the requests. So if you wouldn't mind sending him another one, we'll make sure he doesn't let it out of his sight.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

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BY DROP

Contents

FEBRUARY 12, 1968 Volume 28, No. 6

Cover photograph by Niki Lauda

12 Now Tennis Goes Mod

With players wearing bright-colored shirts and go-go girls dancing on court, the newest pro tour gets under way

16 A Brand New Jerry Quarry

The Californian showed stamina and a newly acquired jab and won as he pleased from bantabing Tim Spencer

20 The B-Blast Rocks New Mexico

That's B for Basketball, and the whole state is in happy hysteria over the mania at Albuquerque and Las Cruces

26 One Skate in Valhalla

Bobby Hull, hockey's most exciting player—the only peer of Howe and Richard—may soon quit the game

38 As Sempé Sees the Olympics

The witty, wistful pen of a French cartoonist explores Alpine ski racing at Grenoble

44 Golf Is a Game of Hope

No matter where he happens to be, Bob Hope always has a driver in his hand and a line to the nearest tee

54 Sea Change for a Celebrated Dish

The young owners of the ketch "Eadward" spear their own fish for a creole bouillabaisse on a Cerdania beach

60 Old Lion in a New Land

Famed white hunter Harry Selby helps SI's John Underwood shoot the tail off an impala in Botswana

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 7 Scorecard | 58 Motor Sports |
| 48 People | 73 For the Record |
| 51 Golf | 74 Basketball's Week |
| 52 College Basketball | 76 19th Hole |
| 54 Travel | |



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Credits on page 73

Next week

THE GRENABLE OLYMPICS invest Frolic with the gladiator and gaiety of the Winter Games. A report in words and color pictures from a special SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Olympic team

ALI TALKS as he has and has not before. The heavyweight champion describes his new life to Tex Maule and predicts victory in 1973 when he returns to boxing from "Alcatraz."

HAVING GIVEN A LIFT to America's profile, Dr. Robert Franklin, a Hollywood plastic surgeon, paid a record price for a British beauty and wants to reshape the horse-racing world

4



“..but how do you like your job?”



If you don't like your job, face the truth. You won't ever get anywhere. Do you LIKE your job? Do you like the PEOPLE where you work?

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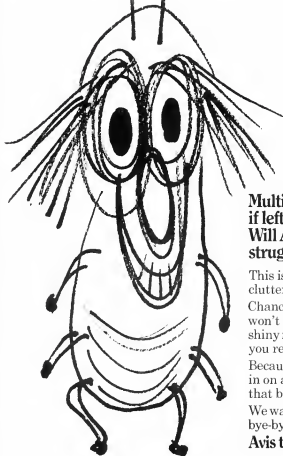
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BOOKTALK

A new paperback from the Sierra Club gets a popular price on priceless beauty

Hundreds of books and articles have been written urging private citizens to do something ("Write your Congressman, now!") about the destruction of the nation's natural beauties, but the most persuasive volume of all contained not a word of impassioned argument, not a single polemic. As filled with breathtaking beauty as the wilderness itself, the Sierra Club's *In Wilderness Is the Preservation of the World*, published back in 1962, made its point by bringing the nature it celebrated to the reader in simple words and pictures: the words by Henry David Thoreau, the pictures by Elliot Porter, a photographer every bit as sensitive to the moods of nature as the Walden philosopher himself.

"Most men, it seems to me," wrote Thoreau, "do not care for nature and would sell their share in all her beauty for a given sum." "I hoped," wrote Porter of his photographs, "to be able to complement in feeling and spirit Thoreau's thinking and to show the peril we face by our ever faster destruction of life not our own."

That Porter succeeded in his ambition was made abundantly clear in the fact that the original handsomely bound and packaged edition sold some 48,000 copies at a high price. The problem was that, outside of those 48,000 affluent ones, most readers could not afford the \$25 per volume it cost to get that close to the Thoreau-Porter miracle. Now Ballantine Books and the Sierra Club have brought the miracle right to everyone's doorstep with a paperback edition of *In Wilderness* that preserves, at \$3.95, most of the high quality of the original. It includes all of the 72 full-page color photographs from the original hard-cover edition, and the quality of reproduction is uniformly excellent. Many of the pictures—leaves riding a gentle stream or wild flowers wet with dew—are so vibrant that the reader will want to put out a finger to touch them.

This is the first venture into the paperback field of the club that has been dedicated since 1892 to preserving the nation's scenic resources. It could hardly have chosen a better way to encourage interest in its cause than by putting within the price range of the general public a book such as this. What Porter brings home to the ordinary book buyer through his photography is that much of what Thoreau loved best in nature is still all around us. But, warns Joseph Wood Krutch, quoting the author of *Walden* in an introduction to this edition, "The squirrel has leaped to another tree, the hawk has circled further off and is settled now upon a new eyrie, but the woodman is preparing to lay his axe at the root of that also."

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

If it is true, as the saying goes, that playing a tie is like kissing your sister, then the men who in the mid-'30s played football for Fordham and Pittsburgh hold the all-time American record for, well, simulated incest. Three straight times—1935, '36 and '37—they battled one another in the Polo Grounds, and the final scores were 0-0, 0-0 and 0-0.

Jack Sutherland, a tall, grim man with a Scottish burr, coached Pitt at the time, presiding over a sort of thrasher-type single-wing offense that ground opponents to ribbons, all the while abjuring the forward pass as a frail for sissies. Through seven years, 1931-'37, Pitt never lost more than a single game per season. Stocked in depth right down to the third team with the toughest soft-coal miners in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, the Panthers also could brag about a defense that during those seven years averaged six shutouts a season.

As the ranking powerhouse of the East, Pitt decided to embellish its image by booking a series of New York appear-

Bituminous Time in the Bronx

by MYRON COPE

ances for exposure. Fordham seemed a likely opponent. The Rams, coached by Sleepy Jim Crowley, the ex-Horsetman from Notre Dame, were coming into the big time and yet did not appear to have reached the point where they could handle Pitt.

November 2, 1935, the date of the first Pitt-Fordham game, drew near with both teams showing identical records—four victories and one defeat. But Pitt's defeat was by only three points, at the hands of Notre Dame. Bookmakers, who in those days did not bother to calculate point spreads, made the Panthers 2½-to-1 favorites. "According to all available information," a Pittsburgh newspaperman wrote two days before the game,

"the Crowley line is nothing over which to become excited." The Crowley line, as it happened, was to become legendary as the Seven Blocks of Granite.

The game was a dreary affair, distinguished only for its clean but brutal tackling. Between the 20-yard lines, the field was soggy; it may have been soggy inside the 20s, but neither team penetrated that deep to find out. In the end Fordham outgained Pitt, 150 meaningless yards to 73. The crowd, jubilant over a moral victory, surged onto the field and tore down the goalposts. This, plus a short argument that occurred on the train carrying Pitt home, accounted for the entire weekend's excitement.

The betting again was on the Panthers

continued



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when they returned to New York in 1936. A week earlier they had manhandled Notre Dame 26-0. Halfback Mad Marshall Goldberg, a sophomore sensation, had gained 113 yards. "In the open," wrote one journalist, "he travels with all the abandon of a typhoon on a holiday." By this time, however, nobody doubted that the Fordham line was as tough as any in the land. Undefeated in four games, the Rams had not given up a first down to either Southern Methodist or St. Mary's of California. Blockers found it virtually impossible to move Tackle Ed Franco, though he stood only 5' 9" and weighed but 200 pounds. At right guard Vince Lombardi was, of course, tough and cunning. Crowley's game plan was 90% defense. He instructed his linemen to concentrate on destroying the Pitt blockers before they crossed the line of scrimmage. Linebacker Alex Wojciechowicz, whose range was proportionately as wide as his name, would nail the ball carrier.

For two quarters the teams waged a bruising war that led nowhere. The second-half kickoff, however, sailed into the arms of Bobby LaRue, and he raced upfield through a funnel of Pitt blockers, emerging in the clear near midfield. Only one Fordham man, Andy Palau, stood in his path. "My God, with the New York press in the stands," says LaRue, "there was my chance to make All-America. I threw the guy a fake, a very nice hip fake that by all rights he was supposed to take. But he didn't. He was too dumb."

Late in the third quarter LaRue again seemed in a position to score. Pitt had driven to the Fordham three and now faced fourth down. LaRue set himself to smash over his right side, between guard and tackle. "But there was a little mix-up in our signals," he remembers. "I went in low and hard, but our guard, Biff Glassford, got his big bucket in the way." LaRue plowed headfirst into Glassford's big bucket, then rebounded and started again. "Wojciechowicz lathered me," he sighs. "He almost tore me apart."

The game resumed its agonizing format. All the while a substitute quarterback named Bob (Jerk) McClure sat on the Pitt bench wondering why his team kept trying to batter away at a Fordham defense that clearly was overloaded up front to stop the running game. Suddenly McClure heard Sutherland directing him into the game. Without consult-

ing the coach, McClure immediately devised a plan.

He ordered the Panthers into a double wing, a formation that lent itself to the long pass. The quarterback, McClure in this case, ordinarily would throw the pass, but McClure reminded himself that Sutherland hated only two things worse than a pass—an incomplete pass and an intercepted pass. Prudently McClure cast around for a back who would exchange positions with him and throw the ball. He selected Left Halfback Johnny Wood, a reckless mountaineer from West Virginia who punted barefoot.

Deep in the double wing, Wood cocked his right arm as he saw his receiver race into the clear with ridiculous ease. Wood fired long. Alas, the ball ticked off the receiver's fingertips. Sutherland, possessed of a clear eye when it came to getting to the bottom of chicanery, jerked Jerk McClure from the game, which then ground on, deathlike, to its conclusion.

Actually, a third scoreless tie seemed an impossibility, for in 1937 Pitt fielded a juggernaut regarded by many as the school's most powerful in history. The best evidence was that John Michelosen and Johnny Chickerno, the first- and second-string blocking backs, kept a man named Ben Kish on the bench. Kish was to play 10 years of professional football. In New York, Jim Crowley noted that his scout, Hugh Devore, had been so shaken by the sight of Pitt's offense that enroute home he lost his head and tipped a porter a quarter.

For the better part of the first half Fordham's line frantically managed to stave off Pitt's attack, but late in the second quarter Pitt stormed to the Fordham five. There the backfield lined up in left formation, with Curly Stebbins at tailback and Goldberg at wingback. Stebbins took the snap and started to his left. Goldberg, meanwhile, peeled out of the formation, gathered in a reverse from Stebbins and swept deep around the right side. Pitt's famous deep reverse caught the Fordham defense moving in the wrong direction, and Goldberg raced untouched into the end zone. The play had been perfectly executed, except for one detail. On a meaningless patch of ground far from the action, Pitt's left tackle, Tony Matisi, was seen holding.

The touchdown was nullified, and Matisi screamed at the officials. A devout Catholic, he returned to the Pitt

huddle and swore on the names of the saints and on everything holy that he had thrown a perfect block. "The next day," says Curly Stebbins, "I open the Sunday paper—the New York *Daily News*—and there is the most beautiful picture of the most beautiful stranglehold you ever saw. Tony is in a crouch with his left arm around this Fordham guy's leg, hanging on to him for dear life, and the Fordham guy is standing up but sort of leaning, as if he's holding on to something. I can still see the whole scene. It reminds me today of the flag raising at Iwo Jima." The Fordham player was Al Gurske. From Gurske's location on the field, says Stebbins, he could not have made the tackle had Goldberg been running 200 yards.

The clock ran out before Pitt again could thrust into the end zone, but in the second half the Panthers' big, swift backs went right back to thrashing the Fordham line. Stebbins ran brilliantly. Time and again he knifed his way sizable distances. The only trouble was, he kept leaving the ball behind for Fordham to fall on.

Stebbins' five fumbles plus three others made a total of eight for Pitt. Published accounts of the game vary according to the size of the reporters' big, swift backs, but at least six of the fumbles were recovered by Fordham. One occurred at Pitt's eight-yard line and two others inside the Pitt 30. Once the Rams plowed nicely through the Pitt line from the 28 to a first down on the 10, whereupon they astonished the crowd by throwing three passes—all incomplete. "They started to think," says Frank Carver, then press agent, now Pitt athletic director, "and that's always dangerous for a football team." Jim Crowley, who today is industrial commissioner for Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania, cannot remember which of his quarterbacks called those three pass plays, or why, but he is indignant at Carver's words. "You can't ever accuse any of my teams of thinking," snorts Crowley.

Having played a third time to no purpose, Pitt and Fordham had set a record for offensive ineptitude that, in all probability, will never be equaled. Crowley remembers that as he crossed the field and shook hands with Sutherland, both of them were mortified. "I would rather have been beaten 27-20 than have this happen again," Crowley earnestly told his rival.

END

SCORECARD

HOOKEED

Alaska Governor Walter Hickel last week fired a member of his cabinet, Highway Commissioner Warren Gonnason, for giving false information on his application for a fishing license. A routine check by the state's fish and game department revealed that Gonnason had stated that he had lived in Alaska for 16 months and therefore qualified for a resident license, which costs \$5 per year. Nonresidents must pay \$10. But Gonnason had been in the state only five months when he applied for the permit.

The fish and game department informed the governor of the discrepancy, and the next day Hickel fired the commissioner from his \$23,800-a-year job.

The punishment may sound like an extreme case of overkill, but Governor Hickel is to be applauded. Government officials who regularly make a mockery of conservation and game laws in many states should note the fate of Commissioner Gonnason. In Alaska, at least, honesty is the best policy.

USING HIS HEAD

When Wayne Fehlberg, a member of Brigham Young's wrestling team, weighed in at 124½ pounds for the 123-pound class in a meet with Utah last week, he was sent to the hotbox to sweat off some fat. But, as the hour of the match approached, Fehlberg still was eight ounces too heavy. He shaved his skull, qualified for the match and won by a hair.

PEACE GAMES

Jeffrey Sokol, the recently elected head yell leader at the University of California who ran on a peace ticket, is considering resigning after two games. When he appeared before basketball crowds in dirty jeans and long hair and led such antiraditional yells as "Bomb the Bruins with napalm," the student rooting section objected—strenuously.

Sokol won the election by appealing

to the more politically oriented Berkeley students, but he soon learned that his backers weren't the type who attend athletic events. Petitions began circulating on the Berkeley campus demanding his resignation. Julie Ann Smith, a junior, wrote in *The Daily Californian*. "I was repulsed by Mr. Sokol's crew, which, in comparison to the UCLA cheerleaders, resembled a cross between a group of rail tramps and a long-defunct vaudeville troupe. . . . The total disorganization of the group only added to my rage." However, the newspaper supported Sokol editorially saying, "If the world is ever going to have lasting peace, nations may have to learn to confine their aggressions to the basketball court. Let the combination of peace and sports begin here and now."

CLASS OF '92

Now that the pro football draft is over, the ratings given top players by the Optimism Systems computer that scouts the field for the Dallas Cowboys (SI, Jan. 29) can be disclosed.

The machine ranked the 10 best as follows:

- 1) Fred Carr (Texas-El Paso), drafted by Green Bay
- 2) Maurice Mooreman (Texas A&M), Kansas City
- 3) Russ Washington (Missouri), San Diego
- 4) Haven Moses (San Diego State), Buffalo
- 5) Bob Wallace (Texas-El Paso), Chicago
- 6) Kevin Hardy (Notre Dame), New Orleans
- 7) Ron Yary (USC), Minnesota
- 8) Claude Humphrey (Tennessee A&I), Atlanta
- 9) Dennis Homan (Alabama), Dallas
- 10) Earl McCullough (USC), Detroit

The only one of these players not drafted in the first round was Bob Wallace, who was picked up by the Bears in the second.

The computer ranked UCLA Quarterback and Heisman Trophy Winner Gary Beban 14th in the current crop. His size (6') and style (he is a roll-out quarterback instead of the drop-back type the pros prefer) were factors in what seemed to be a low ranking.

But the pro teams held Beban in even lower esteem than the computer. Twenty-nine other players were chosen ahead of him—which made Beban the least desired Heisman winner in years. Interestingly, athletes receiving the Heisman award have not, of late, distinguished themselves as pros. Since 1960, only one, Mike Garrett, has been a pro success.

TRIPLE-UGH

America's comic strip characters have been training hard for the Olympics. Two months ago Snoopy got off his doghouse long enough to give figure skating a whirl and last week he was playing ice hockey. Now Sieve Canyon's Potete, who normally wouldn't give a double-ugh for such esoteric sports, has developed a sudden sporting interest—Jay Newtown, a High City bank clerk who is training for the pentathlon at Mexico City. The pentathlon, Potete finds in a book, was conceived "as a way of making friends among the armed forces of the world. . . ."

But poor Jay Newtown. When he tries to practice his swimming, Potete falls



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into the pool. When he attempts to improve his horsemanship, another girl, Betsy Beekman, buzzes the training track in an airplane, and the horse bolts over a cliff. (Jay is saved when Betsy throws him a line from the cockpit.) And finally, while attempting to break up a fight between the two girls, he is hit by Betsy's pocketbook, falls down a flight of

continued

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SCORECARD continued

stars and breaks a leg. With that, the Olympics vanish from Steve Canyon. No gold medal there.

A BIG HELP

Britain's professional golfers were ordered last week to use the larger U.S. ball for three years. "There are many reasons for the Americans' world supremacy," Geoffrey Cotton, chairman of the British PGA said, "but the size of the ball is fundamental."

The larger golf ball is harder to play — its additional surface is more susceptible to spin, which emphasizes a golfer's mistakes. So, although the immediate result of adopting the American ball may be depressing, it is hoped that the courageous change will force British pros to develop sounder swings. Max Faulkner, the last Englishman to win the British Open (in 1951) says, "They should have changed the rule before Poor players can hit the small ball adequately, but the big ball has to be hit from directly behind. Very few professional golfers in this country have mastered this."

Another advantage of the American golf ball is, presumably, that it makes a more encouraging target for beginners. Perhaps the British pros should look at it that way.

MISSING LINK

For more than a year now researchers at the National Center for Prevention and Control of Alcoholism in Washington have been trying to turn monkeys into alcoholics. They reward the animals with extra food when they taste bourbon and punish them with electric shocks when they drink water, but the monkeys take the punishment and their water straight. A few "executive" monkeys—ones forced to make decisions under stress—have been observed downing bourbon, but when the stress is removed, they go back to water.

What about that, Darwin?

WORTH IT?

Though Rick Barry denied last week that he had been talking seriously to Frank Muehl about going back to work for the San Francisco Warriors, the report was true. They met for three hours in Nate Thurmond's apartment.

The Warriors could use Barry. Thurmond will be out for the rest of the season and, without a star, attendance

is off. Barry would boost both the box office and the team, which now languishes 6½ games behind St. Louis.

The Oakland Oaks, who have contracted for Barry's services but cannot use him until next season, are hurting even more than San Francisco. The team has a 19-30 record, crowds seldom number more than 1,000 in paid attendance and the owners face a \$4.5 million lawsuit filed by the Warriors over Barry. An Oakland newspaper reported recently that the Oaks have already lost \$750,000 this year.

Pat Boone, one of the team's owners, has said, "It is O.K. with me if Rick wants to play with the Warriors." This would seem logical. Muehl would then pay Barry's salary, and his return to the Warriors would put Barry on center stage again. The risk, it would seem, is all Muehl's, and he may also be gambling that the Oaks will move to Los Angeles, as has been rumored often, or that the ABA will fold.

AYE, AYE

Last week the USLTA passed a resolution warning the International Lawn Tennis Federation that if it does not change its attitude toward open tennis, the U.S. might withdraw from the federation. American amateurs will be allowed to play in the open Wimbledon, and several American tournaments, maybe even Forest Hills, will be open this year. For the crusty old USLTA, it was quite a decision.

DRIVER EDUCATION

Dr. Ellis Stungo, a London psychiatrist who has made a study of women drivers, suggests that their basic problem is insecurity. "Centuries of having to delegate responsibility and authority to men has made women tentative, and hesitancy in a crisis on the road can cause accidents," Dr. Stungo says.

He believes that coeducation is making the highways safer. "There is a new generation of confident young girls emerging from these schools," he says. "They feel the equal of the boys, and the boys are more willing to treat them as such. This should have a beneficial effect on the performance of both men and women motorists, by making the women less hesitant and the men less aggressive."

He advises older women drivers to take up golf, because the game develops

judgment of speed and distance, which is helpful in handling an automobile. But, Doctor, just suppose they learn to drive straight down the middle?

TURN OF A PHRASE

The Russian track team arrived last week in Seattle for the first in a series of appearances here. When the Russians pulled out of a dual meet with the U.S. in Los Angeles two years ago, they gave as their reason the American involvement in Vietnam. Why, then, a reporter asked Peter Stepanenko, the chairman of the Soviet track federation, have you lifted your boycott at a time when the Vietnam situation is, if anything, worse? Stepanenko replied: "That is a very good question. We know this is still a dirty war, but we have begun to see it in terms of a tragedy for American families and mothers, and the Vietnamese, as well. After all, we are no strangers to tragedy. There isn't a family in the Soviet Union that hasn't lost somebody in a war."

It was a subtle answer, saying, in effect, "Look at what your bad government is doing, we are in sympathy with you."

THEY SAID IT

• Al Davis of the Oakland Raiders, after the team drafted Eldridge Dickey, the Tennessee A&I player who hopes to become the first Negro quarterback in either pro league: "I don't care if he's polka-dot."

• Glenn Greenberg, Yale lineman and son of Hank Greenberg, when asked by the Cleveland Browns what business he intended to follow: "In football, either in public relations or as an owner."

• Cora Alcorn, on her son Lew: "You know UCLA is made to order for him. It's such a big school, and Lew just seems to belong there. A boy as big as Lew certainly ought to be going to a school as big as that one is."

• Alex Agase, Northwestern football coach, on Duffy Daugherty: "Duffy is a great recruiter. Every year he recruits two 270-pounders who can't run or block or tackle. They can't do anything so they sit on either side of Duffy on the bench. Then, if Michigan State loses, they pick Duffy up on their shoulders and carry him across the field. The alumni see this and say to each other, 'That Daugherty can't coach a lick, but his boys sure love him.'"

END



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Appaloosa News	Children's Digest	Fate	Home Workshop	KNXT
Arabian Horse News	Cinnamon Strip	Felony Squad	Hoots and Horns	KOFY
Archery World	Cincinnati Enquirer	Field & Stream	Hot Rod Magazine	KPIX
Archie Comic Group	Classified, Inc.	Financial Analysts Journal	Hounds and Hunting	KPOI
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Baby Talk	Cosmopolitan	Frank Magee, Saturday Report	Huntley Brinkley Report	KXOL
Baltimore Sun	Cowboy in Africa	Fresno Bee	I Dream of Jeannie	Ladies' Home Journal
Barron's	Crime Detective	Friday Night Movies	I Spy	Laramie Boomerang
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NOW TENNIS GOES MOD

The new pro tour was up to date in Kansas City last week as John Newcombe dressed in yellow and go-go girls danced on court. Sure, the game still had its problems, but none of them was old age **by FRANK DEFORD**

Dennis Ralston and Nikki Pile saw it first and winced in anguish. It was a dark and forbidding haunted house of a building, its shabby doors fastened shut with twine. Pigeons flapped through the rafters, fleeing, perhaps, from the tart odors that an ill wind blew over from the slaughterhouse next door. With all America to choose from, professional tennis had managed to open its newest tour and its quest for a sharp, modern image in a primitive animal exhibition hall in the stockyards of Kansas City, Mo.

Ralston recovered from his initial shock and took the place, the American Royal Arena, in stride. A second-year pro, he is almost venerable in the company of the young Handsome Eight, the cast of players who make up World Championship Tennis Inc. No longer does anything in the game surprise him. After all, pro tennis has had to tolerate such buildings since Cash-and-Carry Pyle signed up Suzanne Lenglen and Vinnie Richards in 1926 and first put the pro show on the road. Since then the roads have changed a great deal more than pro tennis, but when at long last pro tennis did go mod last week inside that unfortunate building in Kansas City, the shock for some people was considerable. "On Friday night Ralston reached over and put a friendly, consoling arm about the Frenchman, Pierre Barthès. "Come on, Pierre," Ralston said. "Stay with us."

"But this is not tennis," Barthès re-

plied. "It is a carnival." He shook his curly hair sadly, and peered out through the indoor gloaming to the synthetic court, where his fellow performers in brightly colored shirts were playing the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System before fans who had accepted encouragement to scream as raucously as they desired. Segments of the audience were also awarded cologne or perfume if players designated as "theirs" won. Every kid got a free racket. Every point was worth money. There was even supplementary entertainment. At one point David Gray of the *Manchester Guardian* paused to look out onto the ice rink, over which the Robin Hood-green AstroTurf with two ditties entitled *Serving You My Love* and *Do the Serre*. A strange glare crossed Gray's face. "Good God," he said. "We are all part of a bloody Sinclair Lewis novel."

Of course, the Handsome Eight accepted the fact that radical changes in the format were needed when they accepted their very handsome guarantees. Some were enthusiastic from the first. Others, like Ralston, who is candid but contained, were content to go along without complaint, reserving judgment. By the end of the first tournament only Barthès still seemed to be fighting the strange innovations—and the fact that he is madly in love (a \$120 phone call to Paris proves it) with a girl who had

just piled his automobile into a highway divider may have partly accounted for his indisposition.

"We can't complain," said Butch Buchholz, who has been a pro for seven years. "Some of these younger guys can't imagine how much we need this. They don't know what it was like in '61 or '63." Buchholz is only 27, but when he mentions those lost years bad dreams are instantly recalled. "The worst," he says, "was the Texas Death March. All one-night stands. I'll never forget them: Dallas, Wichita, Houston, Shreveport, San Antonio, Waco."

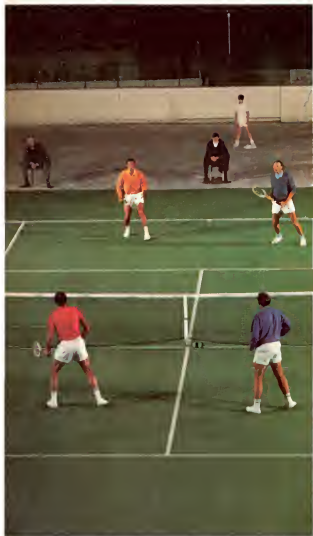
The town names roll on as though they were from another sort of campaign: "Manassas, Fredericksburg, Antietam."

Marilyn Buchholz was pregnant on the Death March, but it was Butch who experienced regular morning sickness. He would also wake up nights screaming, and both awake and dreaming he often became convinced that the world around him was tilted. One time another pro on that tour, having finished an 18-16 set at 2 a.m. in Fort Worth and facing the prospect of an all-night drive to Little Rock to open up there the next afternoon, chased into the stands after a drunken woman heckler. He then returned to the locker room, where he broke down and cried, finally begging for a needle to quiet him. "Don't

continued

A different kind of mixed doubles provides the audience with the best rally of the night.





they understand at all how the pros used to be?" Buchholz asked.

The man who is trying to save pro tennis from its tawdry vaudeville image is David F. Dixon (SI, Dec. 11), the New Orleans businessman who brought the Saints football team to town. Backed by Lamar Hunt's money, Dixon signed up five top amateurs—Pike of Yugoslavia, Cliff Drysdale of South Africa, Roger Taylor of Great Britain, and the Australians, John Newcombe and Tony Roche—and three pros, Ralston, Buchholz and Barthies. By playing in the many beautiful arenas that now pepper the land, Dixon figured the troupe could wedge in as many as 80 tournaments a year, at \$10,000 in prize money a crack. There is no way, the way Dixon explains it, that any player can make less than \$40,000, and the big winner may bank upwards of \$200,000. VASSS makes the tight scheduling possible and also encourages TV.

Even without television support, however, Dixon says he needs to sell only about 10,000 tickets for a three-day, five-session tourney to break even. Unfortunately, in Kansas City the troupe managed to draw a total of only 4,694 people, including a lonely 387 souls on Friday afternoon. By contrast, a sportsman and boat show in the downtown Municipal Auditorium, featuring Ted Williams, attracted 12,106 on Friday. Even a high school basketball game between Shawnee Mission North and Topeka West that same night drew 2,500.

It should be said that the opening tournament was not a fair test of Dixon's grand plan. For instance, the tour began in Kansas City (where Hunt's AFL Chiefs play) despite the fact that no decent facility was available. The AstroTurf was not treated with the lacquered vinyl spray that slows the court down and makes for better rallies. The court could not, in fact, even be laid completely flat on the ice. Dixon's plan—exciting, all-court play on a perfect court in a clean, well-lit place—failed this time. What he got was boring, serve-dominated action, with some bad bounces and missed shots as

the players groped in the dark dump.

Still, the few fans who did turn up seemed to take to the lively innovations. The vivid colored shorts seemed to have universal appeal. The touring players had come to Kansas City directly from Australia, where they had filmed a TV series, and even stout old Aussie tennis patriarchs admitted that the bright colors were "not offensive." The same could not be said of more subdued outfits that Sears, which has a tie-in with World Championship Tennis, designed. They appeared ludicrous. Newcombe, for instance, made his official professional debut in a sea-green shirt and russet-brown shorts. He looked rather like an embarrassed maintenance man who had been shoved on court. Ralston was also in sea green, and his ensemble was completed by silly, dark green socks.

Some players wore tattersall plaid shorts, but most were, fortunately, unable to get into them, since they had been fitted on a male model with skinner thighs. Accordingly, the players had to troop to Dixon's hotel suite, where the shorts could be refitted. It was a scene of maximum confusion. A tailor had been flown in from Chicago in hopes that alterations could be made in time for opening night. As Dixon, still haggard after the time change, worked over last-minute details with associates, the players met with the fashion color coordinator. Mrs. Dixon pondered Newcombe's color chart. "I'm thinking about the russet," she said. "How about red socks?"

"Ummm," said Newcombe.

"Rick," Dixon called across the room to a Sears man. "You know, don't you, that they bumped our backstops off the plane in Baltimore because a special U.S. Mint shipment had to go through. Does Sears have anything we can use?"

"Volleyball nets?" Rick asked, trying. "Go into the bathroom and put these on," the color man said to Roger Taylor, handing him a snappy off-gold pair of pants.

"The ball gets fluffly after a bit," Tony Roche explained to a writer. "I think it gets the court fibers in it."

"No, the nets won't be strong enough," Dixon said. "And someone's liable to fall on the ice."

"How about the national anthem?" another man asked Dixon.

"We can introduce them in pairs—the Americans, the Aussies, the British Empire team, the Europeans."

"Squat down in them, Roger," the color man said. "See how tight they are."

"All those anthems?"

"No, just the players are introduced that way. Just the one national anthem."

The color man took a razor and cut Taylor's shorts, then began to pin them. "You all are just too athletic," he said. "I guess this is what it was like when they first switched to the shorts from the long pants," Roche said. "It must have been something like this."

Roche, it was finally decided, was going to wear blue. He had won \$15,730 in the TV series wearing it, and he would not change. Taylor was pegged for red, having already been nicknamed "the Red Baron." The others were various combinations for the first night, but they looked so fry the outfits were junked. The uniform now includes a bright colored sweater and shirt, white shorts and socks ringed with a broad band of the same color as the shirt. The result is both handsome and tasteful.

The tournament play itself was not bad, considering the adverse conditions, but it was competitively bland and without climax. Instead of the regular elimination play that is scheduled for the balance of the tour (it may last through October, with a break for Wimbledon), the format in Kansas City, titled the World Cup, was styled after the Davis Cup. The Americans were paired against the "Europeans" (Pike and Barthies), while the Aussies played the "British Empire" (Drysdale and Taylor). The two favored teams won all their matches except one and will meet in the final of the World Cup at the next stop, St. Louis. Prize money was determined by points scored as well as won-loss, and while Buchholz had a perfect 31.0 VASSS average, Roche edged him out in total earnings with \$1,612.40, by virtue of winning a greater percentage of his points, even though he did lose an exciting 31-30 set to Drysdale.

Despite the adverse condition: for the opening in Kansas City—the stockyard odors, dim lighting, sea-risk surface and nontournament format—the potential for the new tour's success was obvious. If this first performance did nothing else, it added bright color to a game that can use it. Certainly, Buich Buchholz will never have to endure another station wagon Death March.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICH CLARKSON

A doubles match, a Tony Roche overhead (top) and a looping forehand by John Newcombe all showed lots something new—not about tennis but about dressing for it.

A BRAND NEW JERRY QUARRY WINS



THE BIG ONE

The unpredictable Californian trained hard for a change, developed a good left jab and lounced blundering Thad Spencer to earn a shot at the WBA version of the heavyweight title

by MARK KRAM



He had a night-court pallor, a consumptive face and a jockey's body, and he reminded one of Sparrow in *The Man With the Golden Arm*, the stray who collected other people's dogs. This little ghost was a collector, too—for the telephone company. Faking a cop, he made an excellent move on the fighter's corner, and suddenly there he was handing Thad Spencer a piece of paper. It was a summons and it said that Thad Spencer owed a \$318 phone bill. Spencer, his hands gloved, dropped the paper as if it were a burning coal, and his manager, Willie Ketchum, kicked it away, babbling: "Git it outta here, ya crazy punk, the fighter's on!"

The afternoon did not improve for Thad Spencer and, much to the bafflement of those who had made him an 8-5 favorite, he was seldom on—or ever close to it—against Jerry Quarry in the last semifinal of the WBA's heavyweight elimination tournament last Saturday afternoon in Oakland, Calif. Quarry's performance was a thorough and balanced piece of work, artistically glinting in areas, and in the 12th and final round he ended it with a knockout, which was really just a technical knockout. The action boggles the mind.

Spencer, being clabbed savagely, did not drop to the floor, but the referee stepped in with only three seconds to go and called it a knockout. It was, of course, a minor point but one of sufficient weight to be compared with all the other nonsense that saturated the arena last week, such as Shirley Temple announcing her decision never to run again, or the ceaseless excavation by fans of the barnacled "white hope" pitch; or, finally, Charles (Sonny) Liston, his face almost angelic, saying at a California State Commission hearing: "I never accepted any advice from Blinky Palermo." Blinky is now athletic director in a large iron-barred building in Lewisburg, Pa.

Liston got his license back in California, and Ambrose Bierce, for years a Bay Area scourge for Hearst, would

continued

Watched closely by WBA finalist Jimmy Ellis (behind left knee) and Quarry, Spencer drops to canvas in fourth round after left to knee.

have gleefully cackled at his flawless put-on. Jack London would have viewed it differently. A racist, London spent considerable time in Oakland, which sits on the water like a dark-cowled nun. He pirated oysters there, but contrary to sophisticated opinion he did not commit suicide because of the place. It was London, whose contempt for Jack Johnson was boundless, who created the "white hope" aura around Jim Jeffries, and it is Oakland's misfortune that this dubious heritage from London helped revive the repugnant term.

One doubts if Quarry, naive and ignorant of much around him, had ever understood the expression before coming up to Oakland, but he does now. "It's what they want; they want a white man," said the 22-year-old Quarry, who has always been painfully sensitive to the opinions of others. The large crowd waiting outside his dressing room could not have pleased him more. He walked out of the room, and there the ring announcer, who was acting beyond the call of duty, asked for quiet and said "Don't try to shake Jerry's hands because they're sore. But please give a big hand to a fellow I think is going to be the next champion."

"Gee," Quarry whispered into a reporter's ear, "I think I've really won the crowd to my side, and that's pretty important."

Had he won their respect as a fighter or only their attention because he was white? Before the Spencer fight, it seemed likely that the latter was true. Quarry had not had many winning or fine fights, and in his own town of Los Angeles he had inspired loud cynicism—not without cause. He had fought two dismal draws with Tony Alonga, had lost to a man (Eddie Machen) who for his own good should not have had a license, had proved disgusting against Brian London and then had stolen two fights from Floyd Patterson.

Quarry's sometime fans might have tolerated all this if he had not so often excused himself with complaints of low blows and references to the physical disabilities he has suffered. Though in excellent health now, Quarry has had a difficult time physically. At 13 he had nephritis, and he was sent home from the hospital, he says, with the prospect of being a semi-invalid the rest of his life. Somehow, he beat that sickness, but misfortune kept trailing him. He



Spencer, who claimed he had never been floored, is felled for the second time in tenth.

got a broken arm when hit by a baseball, and then a broken knuckle slugging an umpire over a disputed call, another broken knuckle in a street fight, a broken back when he dived into a pool but never reached it, two more broken knuckles from street fights and a cracked ankle bone while sliding into a base.

In Oakland he was still reciting this chronology of disaster. "I'd like, you know, to be less emotional about what people say about me," he says, "but I can't. It seems like I'm always being put in the position where I got to prove something, prove to the people that I'm real. There have been some tough moments. For two weeks after the Machen fight I considered quitting, but I changed my mind. Suddenly, I didn't want to be called a quitter. I thought about how people would come to my children and tell them that I could have made it big but that I was a quitter. Now I consider the Machen loss the best thing that could have happened to me. If I would have won in the condition I was in maybe I would have never learned the importance of conditioning."

Quarry apparently forgot the importance of being in shape before the second Patterson fight. He was not in condition and had nothing left after the sixth round. But he was prepared for Spencer, a prince of the night and neon whose persiflage succeeded in angering Quarry, a man devoid of any sense of humor. Soon the ill feelings between the two

were very real, not the work of a publicity man's creativity. "He's a fool," said Spencer, "when he says he's gonna take me out on the street and whup me if I open my mouth again. Why, I was born in the street. You want, when I'm through he's gonna be catchin' the first thing smokin' outta town after the fight."

After the fight, it was Spencer who should have left town, although he did not. A crowd of 12,110 that paid some \$115,000—outside of the fight in Germany the only good gate in the tournament—watched one of the dumbest fights ever made. Spencer's stupidity almost equaled Quarry's periodic brilliance; his tactical blunders were endless. He let Quarry take him repeatedly to the ropes, where Quarry is quite destructive and gets the maximum leverage on his punches. Worse, Spencer tried to trade punches with Quarry early in the fight. Quarry is an instinctive counter-puncher and is at his best when he is hit. Spencer must have known better.

Certainly Spencer's manager, Keith, had to know how to beat Quarry. His experience in boxing spans 32 years and, even though they may censure his machinations in the underground, few will deny his ability as a manager and strategist. He began on New York's East Side driving a hearse—hence, the nickname The Undertaker—then became a delivery boy for Fight Manager Hymae Caplan, who eventually got busted running crooked poker

games. Suddenly Ketchum was managing all of Caplin's fighters. Later he managed four champions—among them Lew Jenkins and Davey Moore—and he trained Marcel Cerdan for a number of fights. Old now, but still exuding vulpine cunning, Ketchum wanted this fight desperately, principally because the sight of his fighters eating plunges him into deep depression over his own fiscal stability. But also he was quite fond of Spencer, this affection countering the charge that he is similar to the manager who said: "Hell, they say I never took care of Beau Jack. Why, I just bought him a new shoeshine box."

"Why, Willie?" he was asked. "Why did Spencer fight such a dumb fight?"

"He knew," said Willie. "He knew better."

"Well, why?"

"He was told," said Willie, looking over to Spencer who was listening to his father. "I told ya, Thad," said the father. "Get your rest. Stop runnin' around and worryin' about gettin' tickets for all your friends. How many friends ya think ya got now?"

"Feint and stick," continued Ketchum. "Don't follow him to the ropes, box the sucker, don't fool with him early, keep to the jab, tie him up, ya can't stay in close with this guy, and then make ya move after the sixth round. He didn't do nuttin' right. He couldn't even get his punches off."

"What's that a reflection of?" someone asked.

"A lot of reflections."

There had been much concern about Spencer's condition for this fight. He looked dull in the gym, and those who watched his workouts knew he was bad. On a particular afternoon Machen, Spencer's friend, had to go up in the stands and whisper in the ear of one vociferous critic. Near the end of his training Spencer seemed to respond, and against Quarry he looked in relatively good shape—relatively, because you don't move among the dark bars and sweet-scented chicks without leaving a part of yourself behind.

"Nobody," said one fighter, "nicks Thad for anything. He knows what he's doin'. He fights the way he romances. He gives them nothin'."

Machen, a master in ring technique but defeated by everyone, disagreed.

"Nate," he said defensively, talking to Nate Cohen, a gentleman with grace

and style who has a part of Spencer, "You babied him. You let him eat \$10 worth of Chinese food just a couple of days ago."

Machen continued: "Willie, he didn't want anybody around. Then when he sees he's shippin' he calls me in. What you want—a miracle? Ten days before a fight? Quarry could have been had—but go tell it to a mountain now."

Spencer, maybe because he was trapped, gave too much of himself this time, and he gave it early. The first round, which was enrapturing because of the number of cruel exchanges, was one of the finest anyone can hope to see. Quarry hurt Spencer in the middle of that round, and it may well be that Spencer never recovered. A left hook followed by a right hand made him look like a dying flower. He was bent over and hanging onto Quarry's legs, but somehow he recovered. "Spencer's attitude changed," Quarry said later. "He was worried after I put the two punches on him."

Quarry's two knockdowns came in the last seconds of the fourth and 10th rounds. The fourth was an extremely close round in which Quarry caught Spencer with a left hook and sent him hanging to the floor. Spencer seemed to be up at the count of five when the bell rang. It is conceivable that Spencer might have had a slim chance for a decision going into the 10th round. Digging into Quarry's liver and staying with the jab a bit more, Spencer won the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth rounds as Quarry had difficulty getting any rhythm in his punches. The 10th ended Spencer's hopes for a crack at Jimmy Ellis and \$125,000 for the final match of the tournament. The blow, at the end of the round, came as Spencer missed with a right in a corner, and Quarry spun him slightly. Spencer then started to slip and Quarry sent a triphammer of a right hand to his head, almost knocking him through the ropes as the bell sounded. The Player, as Spencer refers to himself, was through. He fought valiantly, but, because of the way he fought and because of a crippled ankle (smashed in his boyhood) that impedes any move to retreat, he was perfect for Quarry.

Quarry, who weighed in at 193½ (Spencer was 200½) and was actually 191 right before the fight, has advanced rapidly. He has striking abilities. He has a good jab, recently acquired. He is punishing

and artistic at close range, and he is vicious and accurate when going to the body. At long range he is not ineffectual, but he is limited, his punches often being wide and weakened. He also will not lead. Hammer him with a jab, box him and stay away from him early in the fight and he can, perhaps, be bagged.

There are two other aspects to Quarry as a fighter that prompt speculation. One, will he respond to future fights as he did for Spencer? Has he finally unloaded his desultory approach to the conditioning process? And two, how unnerving and destructive is his close relationship with his family? His father, Jack, is co-manager, which gives him part of one-third of his son's purses. The intrigues between Father Jack and the other manager, Johnny Flores, both of whom are constantly and openly sabotaging each other, do not contribute much to Quarry's peace of mind out of the ring—or to his concentration in it.

The history in boxing of families that have a lot to say about a son's or brother's career form a possibly ominous portent for Jerry Quarry. Will he win in his own camp? Will his detractors come to love him? Will he overcome the "white hope" stigma? The answers to these questions, and others in Quarry's soap-opera saga, should be provided by Jimmy Ellis in April.

END



Peace Quarry strides pugnastrously across the ring as his son lifts arms in victory salute.

THE B-BLAST ROCKS NEW MEXICO

That's B for Basketball, and the whole state is in happy hysteria over the fortunes of the two big teams at Las Cruces and Albuquerque. The chief cause is the presence of pepper-hot coaches at both schools **by GARY RONBERG**

New Mexico: The Land of Enchantment. Sun, no clouds. Mountains and snow. Desert, sagebrush and old mission churches. Coronado, Kit Carson, Billy the Kid and... .

Sorry, but if you're going to New Mexico this winter you'll have to forget all that chamber of commerce stuff. Just cross the state line and you're going to be talking basketball before you can burn your tongue on a taco. No more tales of the "Seven Cities of Gold"; today's tales are about the University of New Mexico and New Mexico State, whose basketball teams are 34-3, and about players like New Mexico's Ron Nelson, who is getting 20 points a game and A's in engineering, and State's Jimmy Collins, who is the son of a Baptist minister and has hit 26 free throws in a row because, he says, "I got started at the foul line early in life."

Basketballs blasting off asphalt courts and backboards nailed to barns, garages, trees and adobe walls are making almost as much noise in New Mexico today as the first atomic bomb did when it was exploded 22 years ago at Trinity Site, south of Albuquerque. And so are the fans, those delightfully nutty fans streaming into New Mexico's magnificent new sunken arena and State's little gymnasium down in Las Cruces. UNM's Lobos are drawing 14,600 at home, and next year the Aggies will be packing 12,200 into a new \$3.5 million palace of their own. Basketball has hit New Mexico's fanatic button and divided allegiances geographically. Up north the state's No. 1 folk hero is Nelson. South of Truth or Consequences it is either Collins or Sam Lacey.

Why these sudden *asuntos de amor con*



basketball? Simple. Both New Mexico and New Mexico State have landed pepper-hot coaches who know how and where to get basketball players and what to do with them when they arrive. The result is two very good teams in a state that once was fortunate if it didn't have two that were horrible. New Mexico, under Bob King, ran its unbeaten streak to 17 games last week, beating Arizona State 68-62 before losing on the road to Arizona by one point. The Lobos are now No. 6 in the country, and are still a year or two away from their best. New Mexico State, in its second season under Lou Henson, beat Hardin-Sammons 95-87 to make its record 17-2. The Aggies have lost only to New Mexico (by seven) and Ohio State (by three).

The UNM-NMS rivalry, ancient but relatively calm until now, grows keener by the day. Soon, merely fitting UNM's big Lobo statue with a polka-dot bikini will be a prank of the past for State students. Last January, when New Mexico State fans gave Lou Henson a green Rambler Ambassador to drive, New Mexico rooters presented Bob King with a red Mustang, his second gift car. The Aggies were unimpressed. Next year their staff's fleet expands to four cars.

Not too long ago, in the state capital of Santa Fe, the representative from Bernalillo County, home of Albuquerque and UNM, started rising from his seat in the House every day to deliver "the daily report." It goes something like this: "UNM practices today at 2 p.m. This week the Lobos play at Arizona State Friday night and Arizona Saturday night. Thank you." A few days later the representative from Dona Ana County started making a daily report on New Mexico State.

The Aggies admit they are outnumbered in the legislature ("Albuquerque is bigger than Las Cruces"), but they are undaunted. Last summer a highway sign went up outside Tecolote, a small town along U.S. 85 which connects with Interstate 25 before going through Albuquerque. The sign reads:

GLORIETA 35 MILES
LAS CRUCES 343 MILES

Before UNM's Lobo statue, Elara Ron Sanford and Ron Nelson led with coed classmates. From left they are Jean Miller, Judy Shlombberg, Janice Janson and Mary Ellen Henscock. At New Mexico State (right) students wave from exterior stairway of the school's library.

There is no mention of Albuquerque, only 100 miles ahead. "They may have the edge in Santa Fe," says Howard Klein, an Aggie booster, "but we got a guy on the highway commission."

Still, many basketball fans in New Mexico have yet to understand fully the miracles King and Henson are working in their midst. Both coaches are winning at schools where no basketball tradition existed before they arrived. From 1954 to 1961 UNM never won more than seven games in a single year. In 1962, King's first season, the Lobos won 16 games, and the following year they were 23-6. The Aggies experienced brief

success in the late '50s and early '60s, but nothing to encourage the construction of a multimillion-dollar arena in a town of less than 45,000. King and Henson both concede they have to get their big men from California or Indiana or New York, but they strive hard to recruit and play local boys whenever possible. At the moment six of King's 13 players are from New Mexico. Two of them, including Nelson, start. At Las Cruces, Henson also has four New Mexico boys and one is a starter.

Last week, before a two-game trip to Arizona, King was sitting in his office in Johnson Gym, where the Lobos used

continued



to lose before an audience of janitors, cleaning ladies and dusty windowpanes. A whose-haired man of 44, King was preparing for Arizona and Arizona State—but he is always preparing for the future also. He ran a finger down a yellow legal pad that listed the names of some of the more promising high school seniors in the state, then turned to Norm Ellenberger, his assistant, and said, "Norm, the kid's first name is Hugh. His father's name is Floyd." He began thumbing the pages of the Albuquerque telephone directory. "His number is

with, and defeated, Wyoming and Brigham Young and are currently leading the Western Athletic Conference. Once again, the Lobos are a good defensive team, with Nelson the only star.

Nelson is a blond, good-looking guard who bears a faint resemblance to Ricky, the crooner. He is only 6' 2", but a marvelous shooter. Most of his 371 points have come on soft jumpers from about 25 feet, though he is a constant threat to drive. He runs the Lobos both on offense and defense, everybody looks to him when the team is in trouble. Four

made at half time. In the Creighton game, for example, the Bluejays' 6' 5" Bob Portman was killing the Lobos. Portman took 19 shots in the first half and scored 23 points. At intermission King asked Nelson, who was covering the Bluejay guard feeding Portman, to extend his right foot farther in front of him on defense. In the second half the Creighton guard brought the ball up the left side—just as before—but when he tried to pass to Portman, Nelson was always in the way. Creighton was forced to work the right side, and Portman got only five shots and six points in the second half. New Mexico won with ease 82-67.

King, who earned a master's degree in psychology at Drake University, does not hesitate to use it—half time or anytime. When the Lobos traveled to Las Cruces earlier in the season, they had to leave Ron Sanford, their best rebounder, in Albuquerque because of an eye injury. But at breakfast on the day of the game, the team was still hoping Sanford might be well enough to play. Then King stood up and told them that Sanford, ordered into the hospital by doctors in Albuquerque, had gone instead to the airport, where he almost talked his way aboard a plane so he might play that night. The tale was true, but you can imagine how King told it. Says Ellenberger, "When he told them what Ron had done, Steve Shropshire dropped his fork and didn't eat another bite." That night the Lobos beat NMS 71-64 for their 13th straight victory.

Ellenberger also is an example of King's ability to track talent. Handsome, bright and articulate—the perfect recruiter—he was a four-sport star at Butler University, and finished among the NCAA punting leaders in his senior year. After graduation he signed as an infielder with the Pittsburgh Pirates but was benched in his first year in the Texas League, and decided to devote all his time to coaching. That's what he was doing when King, hospitalized with ulcers, tossed aside 100 applications for the job as his No. 1 assistant and dialed Ellenberger long distance. Ellenberger, King felt, would enhance the cosmopolitan image New Mexico was striving to project. Three weeks later the new assistant rewarded King by recruiting 6' 7" Willie Long, the top high school player in Indiana, who is now averaging 37 points a game as a Lobo freshman.

Adding up New Mexico's excellent *continued*



Successful pop music show at State has Jimmy Collins and Brando Branson, Miss New Mexico.

let's see . . . ah, here it is. 298-4656." As he closed the book he muttered to himself, "Hmmm . . . same number he had four years ago."

In his first five years at New Mexico, Bob King won 93 games and lost 39 with teams that were tough and aggressive on defense, careful and methodical on offense. Fussy about the shots they took, they were expert at making those they did try. This year, to the surprise of opponents and fans alike, the Lobos came out running like their namesakes while retaining the ability to tell the good chances from the bad ones. They ran

times Nelson has scored 25 points or more, and his better games, appropriately, have come against the better teams. In New Mexico's important wins over Wyoming and Brigham Young, he led the way with 30 and 25 points. Quiet and reserved off the court, he studies a lot, dates a pompon girl and pushes the team motto: "We're not very good. All we do is win."

The reason for the motto is that New Mexico has acquired a reputation for winning in the second half. Of the Lobos' 17 victories, six were clinched by simple adjustments King and Ellenberger

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Cadillac

freshman team, the four good prospects stashed away at Trinidad Junior College in Colorado, King's superior coaching talents, Ellenberger's recruiting and this year's record, it would appear that the Lobos are establishing a small dynasty on Central Avenue in Albuquerque. But if UNM is to accomplish such a feat, it must consistently beat the smaller rival 288 miles to the south. New Mexico State is not a real threat to UNM's progress right now, but then neither was Michigan State to Michigan some years ago. At the moment only the Lobo fans underestimate the Aggies, King and Ellenberger do not. The fans call Aggie players "farmers" and their partisans "bush." They say they would rather beat WAC teams like BYU and Wyoming and UTEP any day. But New Mexico State is not going to fade away. Indeed, it is growing.

State actually has one of the largest campuses in the world (6,250 acres), and the Aggies are putting sleek, modern buildings, \$17.5 million worth, all over the place. Sprinklers glittering under the winter sun are turning grass from brown to green, and trees are sprouting up along the sidewalks. Henson, tooling his Ambassador around the campus the other day, got lost in the maze of construction.

The big project is the new basketball arena. The Aggies won't let you forget that theirs will cost \$2 million more than New Mexico's, and they refuse to credit rumors that the Lobos may soon enlarge UNM's to seat 20,000. The Aggies now play their games in the 5,300-seat Las Cruces High School gymnasium and, though Henson cannot wait to start showing off the new arena to his prospects, he has done very well without it.

There are few better sophomore guards in the country than Jimmy Collins, who scored 22 points and steered the Aggies through the rough moments of the Hardin-Simmons game. Collins, who gained considerable fame on the playgrounds of Syracuse by battling Dave Bing to standoffs in one-on-one contests, is a superior ball handler and driver and he has a fine shooting touch. Swirling sleepy-eyed through the action, Collins looks as relaxed as he is on his popular campus radio show.

Sam Lacey, 6' 9", is the other prize Henson came up with in his first year at State. "I always had contacts in Mississippi," he says, "and when a tall, skin-

ny boy down in Indianola was recommended to me I went down to see him. Well, skinny wasn't the word for Sam. At his height, he was like a flower stem—only 183 pounds. But he was tall and we were just getting started here, so I took him." In one year at State, eating three meals a day for the first time in his life, Lacey put on 50 pounds of muscle. Now he is so strong nobody moves him from under the basket.

Lou Henson, at 35, is getting bald, but he still prefers a crew cut. He is Baptist and he does not smoke or drink. He doesn't really care for Mexican food, either, though he played at New Mexico State and coached Las Cruces High School to three championships after he was graduated. He is often compared to King, primarily because both are winning, and they do coach the same style of basketball. But their differences in personality reflect the contrasting popular images of the two schools.

King has attained the smoothness he feels is demanded by the Albuquerque job, but Henson has remained resolutely small town. He has spent his whole life in places like Las Cruces, and people there feel a kinship with him. Several of his half-time speeches have been recorded and played over the local radio network without his sanction. "I don't mind," he says. "In a big metropolitan area, I wouldn't allow it. But the people down here aren't going to embarrass me or the boys. They're behind us, not against us. I'll always trust them."

New Mexico and New Mexico State are going to have good basketball teams in the future, and if they keep getting better those arenas may someday accommodate 30,000 or even 40,000. Ben Bronstein, who runs the Village Inn Pancake Houses in Albuquerque, sees most UNM prospects before they even enroll on the campus. King and Ellenberger take a lot of prospects there. Ben is a New Mexico lover and a New Mexico State hater, but the state's fans are really alike, north or south, and Ben happens to be typical. Last week he came up to Ellenberger in the Pancake House, wished him and the team luck in Arizona and thanked Ellenberger, too.

"You know, Norm," he said, "we just love all this excitement. We've never had anything like it before. For the longest time we were just sitting around, waiting for something to cheer about."

END

Your girl can sit quietly beside you for an hour on the energy from 28 raisins. (Think what would happen if she never stopped eating them.)





ONE SKATE IN VALHALLA



TWO SUPREME MOMENTS OF HOCKEY: IN 1965 HOWE (16) SCORES HIS 800TH GOAL; RICHARD IMMORTALIZES 1988 WITH HIS 800TH GOAL

The mightiest scorer and most electrifying player in hockey today, Bobby Hull (opposite) is the only one with the stature of postwar greats Gordie Howe and Maurice Richard. But he has lost his zest for the game and may soon retire—to farming, his idea of a warrior's heaven

by PETE AXTHELM

CONTINUED



The shock of wavy blond hair that made people call him the Golden Jet is thinning now. The powerful Greek-god body still gives Bobby Hull (see cover) more strength and speed than anyone else in hockey, but it is frequently racked by pains that the stoical Hull finds hard to ignore. The face remains ruggedly handsome after countless bruises and stitches, and Bobby still smiles a lot—at friends, at kids who ask for autographs, at almost any stranger who approaches him after even the roughest game or workout. But now the smile is polite, restrained, sometimes even forced; it is no longer the exuberant look of a kid in love with everything he is doing.

At 39, Hull has reached a stature that only two other men in modern hockey—Maurice Richard and Gordie Howe—have attained. A prolific goal scorer and dynamic gate attraction, he is the most exciting player in the game today. He is also a new kind of superstar, a person very different from Richard or Howe, or almost anyone else before him. Hockey fans can spend hours debating about which player is the greatest of all. But before you even begin to compare the styles or statistics of the three men, you should understand that Bobby Hull doesn't need or want to be matched against any player or record. He is succeeding on his own terms.

Recently Bobby scored his 400th regular-season goal. At his age he could presumably look forward to 300 or 400 more goals, and all the scoring records there are. "I couldn't care less about getting 500, or 600, or any other number," he said last week. "I never have been concerned with breaking anyone's records, or catching up to anyone. I'm only concerned with using hockey to set me up in other things. I want to retire without having to go to work for anyone else. As soon as I can do that, I'll quit."

This is not phony contract talk designed to scare general managers, and it is not bitterness at having to play 40 minutes a game, 70 or so games a year, with opposing players grabbing and hooking and, in all the other ways, fouling him more than anyone else has ever been fouled. Bobby is very appreciative of what hockey has done for him. He just happens to be equally aware of what he can do for himself. He looks at hockey as a means to an end, and when that

end is achieved he will not hesitate to stop playing—even if he has just finished a 60-goal season.

This kind of thinking would seem sacrilegious to Howe or Richard or their ardent fans. To them, hockey is life itself. Casual talk about quitting can only make them shudder. Richard played on aging legs, fighting weight problems and grasping for flashes of his old greatness in his last (18th) season when he was 39. Howe is still an All-Star in his 22nd season and, at 39, he isn't even thinking about the end. "They're much more dedicated hockey players than I am," Hull said. "It's what they love. I have many more outside interests. I don't think you can say which approach is right or wrong. It's just the way a person thinks."

Like most of the Canadian kids who leave home at 13 or 14 and spend their young lives in hockey camps, hockey schools and hockey games, Hull was not a noticeably independent thinker when he began leading the scorers of the National Hockey League. Now in his 11th season with the Chicago Black Hawks, Bobby has lost none of his modesty or charm. But nobody who knows him well would ever say he was simple.

Hull is a complex, intelligent man with a perspective much wider than the world of hockey. For him, success can no longer be defined in terms of goals scored or records set in a game. He is a farmer, a businessman and a father. As he has matured, these facets of his life have become more important and satisfying to him. Once he wanted to be a very great hockey player. Now that goal is behind him and hockey is just hard work. "I'm doing this," he said, "so that soon I can be doing what I really love." What he loves is life on his southeastern Ontario farm, where he can spend much of his time with the three sons he feels he has neglected because of hockey. But this is no country kid yearning for a quiet bucolic existence. Bobby brings the same fierce ambition to farming that he brought to hockey. "I want," he said flatly, "to become the best breeder of polled Hereford cattle in history."

To help finance the kind of cattle-breeding operation he dreams about, Bobby has parlayed his sports fame into a number of profitable business ventures. Hull was the first to use hockey the way American athletes use their fame in golf, pro football and other sports. He en-

dorses everything from sportswear to cars, tractors and steel fencing. Kids in Canada can play his recommended hockey game, read his book, use his equipment. He is already an officer of several companies, and new offers keep coming in. "Only the hair-cream endorsement ran out," he said, "and that was when my hair started to run out."

Added to his regular salary of about \$40,000 a year, these endeavors leave Hull well short of Arnold Palmer's income but far ahead of all but Howe in hockey history. (Richard's top salary from the Canadiens was only \$25,000, but that was thought a handsome take in those days.) They also impose upon him an exhausting schedule of traveling, speaking and keeping appointments. "Hockey itself isn't really becoming that laborious," he said. "It's the other responsibilities that make me anxious to get away from the game. They can really make you mentally tired."

Last year Robert Hull Sr., who raised the 11 Hull children in Pointe Anne, Ont. and is still a foreman in a cement factory there, gave his most successful son a jolt. "My dad worked harder than any man I ever knew," Bobby said. "But one day he said to me, 'Robert, you're going to kill yourself. You don't ever let yourself relax.' When he says something like that, it's enough to scare you."

Hull conceivably could decide to retire from hockey after this season. It is more likely that he will stay with the Hawks for another two or three years. He may approach or even surpass the lifetime records of Richard, who scored 544 goals in his 18 years, but certainly not those of Howe, who had a grand total of 673 last weekend and probably will play at least a quarter of a century. But Bobby's achievements in his relatively brief career will rank him as one of the three dominant figures in hockey's post World War II era. At the age of 21, Bobby became the second youngest player to win an NHL scoring title. The youngest was Busher Jackson, who was 16 days his junior, in 1932. In his fifth season Bobby joined Richard and Boom Boom Geoffron as the only men ever to score 50 goals. Four years later, in 1966, he broke that record, overcoming the psychological and physical strains that had made 51 goals seem like hockey's most severe challenge. This year, barring a crippling injury or sudden slump, Hull will pass that once-impossi-

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ble barrier for the third straight time.

Bobby's most loyal fans argue that these feats make him the greatest scorer in history, if not the greatest all-round player. They do not, however, say this very loud in Montreal. Even if statistics could prove that either Hull or Richard was the best, the arguments would go on—and unfortunately statistics do not settle the matter. A survey of the first 10 years of each man's career gives Richard a slight edge. The Rocket scored a goal for every 1.62 games he played, while Hull needed 1.82 games for each goal, and Howe 2.05. But Hull's supporters point out that the Rocket's most sensational season—50 goals in only 30 games—was in 1945, against wartime opposition that was admittedly inferior. The Rocket, Canadian fans retort, did not need the curved stick that has done so much for Hull.

The 10-year survey, however inconclusive, brings out several interesting facts. Howe scored the fewest goals, but the most game-winning goals and assists. Hull had a better power-play scoring record than Richard, although the Canadiens' power play was considered one of the best of all time. The Rocket, known for his flair for sensational single-game performances, had the highest percentage of games in which he scored more than one goal. In fact, if you had to pick one man to play one important game, you would undoubtedly choose Richard. The analysis on page 34, based on each man's first 400 goals, arrives at the same conclusions.

Red Kelly, the Los Angeles coach and a 20-year veteran, remembers playing defense against Richard in many Stanley Cup games. "With a lot at stake," Kelly said, "Richard came up to the occasion in fantastic fashion. It was very difficult to keep him under control in a money game. You just couldn't ride him off." Montreal is full of tales of the Rocket, his face bloody and his eyes flashing, dragging several defenders from the blue line to the front of the net to score a goal that would win a big game. Those moments, augmented by his dark good looks and explosive Gallic temper, made him the most magnetic player of all time.

Hull has a similar appeal. As an all-round player he cannot do as many things as a Howe, or as his teammate Stan Mikita. In fact, Mikita probably is the most valuable player in the game

continued

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today. But it is Bobby who can lift any crowd as he takes the puck from one end of the rink to the other to set up a goal, guiding the disk in the curve of his stick with one hand and pushing off defenders with the other. And it is Bobby who can shoot from anywhere in the offensive zone and have a good chance to score. Mikita is needed to make the whole Chicago attack work smoothly, but Hull can be an attack all by himself. Some coaches would rather have Stan, but the ticket managers would all take Bobby.

If the Rocket specialized in one-game bursts, Hull has been the most dangerous over a season or part of a season. When Bobby is hot he can have amazing streaks. "I've had a number of bad starts in my career," he said. "I really go through hell until I get untracked." Then the other teams go through hell. In 1961-62, his first 50-goal season, Bobby managed only 13 goals in his first 31 games, then scored 37 in his last 39. Last year he started slowly because of an extremely painful back ailment, then began a goal-a-game pace that lasted 42 games and helped the Hawks break the NHL race apart.

Gordie Howe lacks the striking looks and flair of Richard and Hull. Even at the height of his career, he never had the sudden dazzling speed or sensational shots of the two flashier goal scorers. Gordie seldom excites casual fans with his moves or his goals; yet hockey people are unanimous in their opinion that Howe is the best all-round player ever.

Frank Selke Sr., who was general manager of the Montreal Canadiens during most of Richard's career, did not hesitate when asked to choose among the Rocket, Howe and Hull: "If I want a perfect type of player, I would have to pick Howe. He is a mechanical player who always turns in a good game." Billy Reay, Hull's coach in Chicago, agreed. "Hull and Richard are more colorful, but, in my opinion, to date Gordie Howe is the greatest player." "Richard and Hull don't dominate a game the way Howe does," added Toronto Coach Punch Imlach.

Howe's style is subtle, smooth and extremely painful for those who arouse his wrath. He is extraordinarily strong, and he uses his power to inflict sometimes unnoticed but always effective punishment upon anyone who gets in his way. At various times both Richard

and Hull have been stopped briefly by "shadows," persistent checkers with the sole assignment of harassing and intimidating the star. Until the last few years Hull tended to accept the unseen fouls and injuries that such defenders gave him—and so he was occasionally held in check by men he should have been skating over. Richard, on the other hand, accepted nothing, but his temper outbursts often drew penalties, making the opponents' strategy effective. But Howe has never been bothered much by shadows. He does not lose his temper and he does not accept fouls. He just quietly destroys the man who fouls him.

A superb playmaker and checker as well as scorer, Howe played on what may have been the best forward line ever, the Red Wings' Production Line. Ted Lindsay was generally considered the finest of all left wings until Hull ar-

HOW THE BIG THREE GOT THEIR FIRST 400 GOALS

	HOWE	HULL	RICHARD
GAMES PLAYED	795	713	690
WINNING GOALS	71	55	63
TYING GOALS	18	21	20
POWERPLAY GOALS	90	100	92
SHORT-RANDED GOALS	8	11	6
TWO-GOAL GAMES	65	60	69
THREE-GOAL GAMES	12	21	21
FOUR-GOAL GAMES	0	4	2
FIVE-GOAL GAMES	0	0	1
GOALS AT HOME	222	230	239
GOALS AWAY	178	170	161
GOALS PER GOAL	1.99	1.78	1.61

rived; at center, Sid Abol, and later Norm Ullman, worked beautifully with Howe, Jack Adams, who managed the Wings during Howe's greatest days, appreciated what Howe could do for his linemates. "Just the specter of Howe makes an opponent change his game," Adams said. "When he was in his prime I could send him into a corner and he'd take two guys with him. That way we could always shake somebody free. And if a younger player was having a tough time scoring, I'd put him on the line with Gord for a few days and he'd invariably come to me and marvel at Howe."

While Howe did a lot for his line-

continued

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BOBBY HULL continued

mates, Richard may have profited more from his. The Richard-Toe Blake-Elmer Lach line can be compared with Howe's line—and with Mikita's Scooter Line in Chicago now—as one of the best ever. But it had a style all its own. "Unlike Hull," said Red Kelly, "Richard seldom carried the puck the length of the ice. He was always looking for the pass and a pass back to get the break on you."

In defense of Hull, some people—including his coach, Reay—insist that Howe and Richard benefited from better linemates. Bobby wants no part of this argument. "The guys I've played with have always made things easy for me," he insisted. "Billy Hay and Murray Balfour were good, and Phil Esposito and Chico Maki suited me even better. The day Phil, Chico and I were first put together, the team went on a 13-game winning streak. I know there have been a lot of great lines, but I think we made picture goals to match anyone."

Bobby paused and added, "I'll never understand how anyone could break up a combination like that." Black Hawk General Manager Tommy Ivan broke it up last spring by trading Esposito, along with Fred Stanfield and Ken Hodge, to Boston. Esposito had never been one of Reay's favorites, and Stanfield never pleased Ivan very much. Hull has taken the loss of Esposito personally. "Phil and Chico and I were hardly ever away from one another off the ice," he said. "And they knew how to bring out the best in me. I need the puck a lot to be effective, and they got it to me. We may have acted careless or looked bad in practice, but we always knew we could do the job."

With Esposito gone and Maki out of action for much of the season, Bobby has been forced to work harder than ever this year. He has shown his ability to rise above the situation by scoring 36 goals in the first 52 of the season's 74 games—but he has also known some discouraging times. In his rare moments by himself, he does not think of records or his standing with the all-time greats; he thinks of the end. "Last year we looked like we were establishing a dynasty," he said. "Now we're just another team fighting for the playoffs. I had hoped my last years in Chicago would be great ones. Instead, they're going to be the toughest ones of all."

END



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Dick Pensinger is moving up at GE in management. His control operations will start at General Electric's new Atomic Power Equipment Department plant in Wilmington, North Carolina. And Dick will be the new Manager—Assemblies and Processes.

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As Sempé Sees The Olympic Scene

On a clear day one can see Grenoble from Chamrousse. But a clearer—or, at least, sharper—view of this weekend's Olympic Alpine scene comes on these six pages from the incisive pen of the French cartoonist, Jean-Jacques Sempé. Having tried the runs himself, Sempé sees the racers immersed in February fog, feigning nonchalance. Soon they will tumble and soar down the roller coaster, through spectators and over bumps in pursuit of medals at the bottom.









50m/2

The slalom is a wriggly line of poles down an icy hillside; some skiers will finish crying, some laughing and some will never finish at all.







GOLF IS A GAME OF HOPE

No matter where he is—entertaining troops in Vietnam, producing a TV show or playing host at his own tournament—Bob Hope usually has a driver in hand and a line to the nearest tee *by* **ALFRED WRIGHT**

The crowd around the first tee was so large one might have thought Arnie Palmer was about to start his first round at the Masters. There were celebrities everywhere—Danny Thomas, Ray Bolger, Andy Williams, Chuck Connors, Dizzy Dean, David Janssen, indeed half the population of Sunset Boulevard. All the big-name golfers were there, too—Palmer, Bill Casper, Julius Boros, Dave Marr—everyone except Jack Nicklaus, who was still fishing down in Florida with the rest of the affluent society.

The restive gallery finally simmered down a bit, cameras stopped whirring and clicking, and Gay Brewer slammed a screamer off into the distance. Then up stepped the man everyone had come to see, Leslie Townes Hope, now in his fourth straight year as impresario and main attraction of the Bob Hope Desert Classic. Standing beside him was his supplementary caddie, Phyllis Diller, decked out in an Air Force survival jacket containing a wind-direction indicator, first-aid kit, road maps, prayer book, "super score-card adjuster," flashlight, radio, plumb line and other essentials for a round of Hopeful golf. After Bob had taken a couple of practice swings, someone yelled, "Hit the ball."

"Just what I had in mind," Hope replied and cracked his drive 200 yards down the middle. With a pardonable smirk, he joined Phyllis Diller in his golf cart and headed down the fairway, drawing the huge gallery with him. And so last week another Bob Hope special, one of the best he puts on all year, was under way.

The Desert Classic is the peak of Hope's golfing year. Last week Bob played host to 136 pros and 408 amateurs in the largest, the longest and certainly the most intricately complex tournament on the golfing calendar. The IBM Open, some call it. For the first four days each of the three-man amateur teams played on a different Palm Desert course with a different pro. On the fifth and final day the pros went at it alone over the Bermuda Dunes course to complete their 90 holes, with Mr. Palmer himself winning his first tournament of 1968 by beating Deane Beman on the second hole of sudden death.

As for Hope, his own assignment was no simpler. On Monday night he entertained at a dinner party for the pros and their wives at Eldorado. ("Welcome to Eldorado. You know what that is—

like's rumpus room.") On Tuesday night he was host at the Classic Ball, for which 1,000 people paid \$50 a head. After dining alongside Mamie Eisenhower, Hope climbed to the stage amid a standing ovation. ("It scared hell out of me. I thought they were going to walk out.") He thanked everyone for coming and added, "I'm doing pretty well this month for a guy who still has his own heart. But I'll tell you one thing. Right now I'd like to have a transfusion from Arnie Palmer."

Beginning Wednesday, Hope played 18 holes a day for four days in the program. On Saturday and Sunday afternoons he spent a total of 2½ hours in coast-to-coast living color describing the action on the golf course. All told, it was the kind of week that qualifies as a "breather" in the frenetic world of Bob Hope.

Hope tangled with golf even before he got into show business. One day back in 1928 he went out to a public course called Hiram Park in Cleveland, his home town, and here is how he describes the experience. "I was so bad, I remember standing in one spot and trying to hit the ball, and four foursomes went through me. Finally, I just threw my clubs away and quit the game until I got into vaudeville. When I was at the Orpheum there was an act called the Diamond Brothers, who used to go out and play. You know, when you're in vaudeville you have a lot of time on your hands, especially in the mornings. These kids were dancers and athletes, and when they used to get up and start to leave I'd say, 'Where're you going?'"

"Oh, they'd say, 'we're going to play golf.' So I finally said, 'Well, I got to try that, too,' so I started going and got hooked and that was it. That was 1930."

Not long after, Hope was on the same bill in New York with a young crooner named Crosby. They discovered their mutual interest in golf and started getting up in the morning with only a couple of hours' sleep and driving out to Van Cortlandt Park in The Bronx, waiting in line for three or four hours and finally having just enough time to play nine holes before they had to dash back downtown in time to make the first show.

When Hope arrived in Hollywood to appear in *Big Broadcast of 1938*, he found Crosby already established on the same lot. During those early years together at Paramount, if Hope and Crosby were

not on their respective sound stages, they could almost surely be found on the lawn in front of the executive offices practicing chip shots with their mniks. Groaning in the background would be the studio gardener, watching the grass disappear. The studio brass accepted the vandalism stoically. If the boys were denied this little diversion, they would have been off the lot somewhere hitting practice balls at a driving range.

Hope was not yet the golfer that Crosby was. He had what is known in the trade as a manufactured swing, rather stiff with very little body movement. But then as now, Bob's arms and wrists and hands were powerful, and he could hit the ball a long way—when and if it went straight. Bing, on the other hand, had the same long lazy swing he has today, and it carried him to three club championships at Lakeside, the golf club in the San Fernando Valley where most of the movie golfers congregated and the home course of both Hope and Crosby. Bob, who has never ceased to envy Bing's swing, cracks: "You've got to be rich to have a swing like that."

Anyone with a new golf tip could always get Hope's ear. One such person was Bruce McCormick, a leading California amateur, who is credited with teaching Bob his lethal, stiff-wristed putting style. Everyone who plays with Hope comes away marveling over his short game and his putting. Bing understands, though. "This stroke is closer to pool shots than any of the others," he suggests, implying that Bob's youthful hours in the pool halls of Cleveland were not entirely misapplied.

Hope has taken lessons from just about all the great professionals of the day, including Ben Hogan. The one he credits with first putting him on the right track is Olin Dutra, the 1934 U.S. Open champion, who was teaching in southern California when Hope first went west. Later he studied under Ed Dudley, once the pro at Colorado Springs and the Augusta National. In 1949, when Hogan served a brief term as the resident pro at the Tamarisk Golf Club in Palm Springs, Hope renewed an old friendship. "The first time I ever met Ben," Hope recalls, "was during the war when I went to Topeka for a benefit. He was in the Air Force at the time, so I had him on my show. He really surprised me because he was so great on radio. No matter what he does, he wants to be per-

continued



GLOWING with cronies Crosby and Sinatra, Martin and Lewis at benefit years ago, Hope always turned serious once he teed off.



fect, you know. I became friendly with him, and we played many a match after that, but he never started to teach me until he came to Tamarisk. I think he did a great deal for my game. I worked my handicap down to around six at the time."

Most recently Bob has been studying under George Fazio, who was the pro at the legendary Pine Valley in New Jersey, one of 18 golf clubs in Britain and the U.S. in which Hope maintains active membership.

Late last year Fazio met Hope in New York for dinner, and well past midnight the two men set out on one of the long walks before bedtime to which Hope is addicted no matter where he finds himself. As they walked, they would discuss the finer points of the golf swing and then stop while Fazio demonstrated his pointers. The two became so engrossed in what they were doing they were astonished when they looked up to find a crowd of a dozen or so curious onlookers, including two policemen, gathered around.

One of Hope's favorite golfing companions is the Rev. C. Pardee Erdman, an Episcopal clergyman who was an outstanding amateur golfer in California in his younger days. They met during a vacation trip that Bob and his wife Dolores took to Pebble Beach some 20 years ago and they still play together frequently in Palm Springs, where Erdman has a home. In 1959, when Hope was recovering from an eye operation, he and Erdman set off on a six-week golfing holiday to Britain and the Continent that still ranks among Bob's more memorable junkets.

Erdman and Hope agreed to meet in New York the afternoon of the evening they were to fly to London. Around 3 p.m. Hope phoned Erdman and asked if he could be downstairs fully packed in 10 minutes although their plane was not to leave until 8. "We can run out to Deepdale and play a few holes before we have to go to the airport," Hope suggested.

Hope's enthusiasm for golf never ceased to amaze Erdman during their trip. At Gleneagles in Scotland, they played 36 holes a day and before leaving the country they motored over to St. Andrews, where even Hope was astounded to find some 2,000 people waiting to watch them tee off—not just the usual golfing gallery but children and

women carrying babies. As many as 1,000 of them followed the match, and Hope, who is always exhilarated by an audience, put on one of his best shows. At the 18th tee he offered to stage a little trick-shot exhibition in which he would both slice and hook a drive to the middle of the fairway. The only trouble was that the intended hook, after starting off to the right, sliced instead and smashed into the window of a nearby building.

While Hope was enjoying the attentions of some 5,000 people who were waiting for him at the 18th green, the owner of the broken window fought his way through the crowd, brandishing Hope's ball. "I'll pay, I'll pay," Hope shouted above the noise of the crowd, but that wasn't what the man wanted. He wanted Bob's autograph on the ball.

Back in London, Hope and Erdman were having a late-afternoon drink in their hotel room following a round of golf in the suburbs when Bob suddenly burst out with, "My God, I forgot that King." He explained to Erdman that when King Baudouin of Belgium had visited Hollywood, he had invited Hope to play golf with him in his homeland. Hope thereupon grabbed the phone and asked the operator to get him the Royal Palace in Brussels. He was told that the King had gone home for the day. A few minutes later Hope's phone rang, and it was the King inviting him to be in Brussels for lunch and golf the next day.

The two travelers were met at the airport by the King's limousine, a dowdy Buick of indeterminate vintage. As they were being driven up the driveway of the Royal Golf Club they were followed by a Mercedes-Benz convertible with a young man at the wheel. It turned out to be the King, who bounded out of his own car to open the Buick's door for Hope.

After lunch, the usual first-tee bargaining began, and the inevitable question of stakes arose. "Well," said Bob, "that palace of yours is a nice-looking building. How about playing for that?" When the King demurred, Bob suggested "that secondhand Buick that brought us in from the airport."

The King may or may not have enjoyed the gag. Hope himself is not certain. What he does remember is that it was a lovely day and that there were 18 holes to be played.

END

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PEOPLE

British Actress **Hayley Mills** was off making a film when her three-year-old greyhound bitch, a two-to-one favorite, came in first at Hendon, Middlesex, but Hayley's father, mother and sister were on hand (below) to assure Quarrymount Star that she was indeed a good dog. Perhaps appreciating being appreciated, the bitch obligingly did it again four days later. Obviously Hayley made the right decision when she determined last year to Go Greyhound and bought Quarrymount Star from Hackney and Hendon Stadiums Ltd.

Carol Stith, the Houston Oilers offensive tackle, and **Bob Hohs**, defensiveback for the Pittsburgh Steelers, are twins who can be said to have finally met in the hot stove league. Stith was visiting his wife's home town of Beatrice, Neb., where he became involved in a cake-baking contest, as was Hohs, a Beatrice policeman during the off season. The contest is a yearly event in which males of the southeast Nebraska community may participate, baking cakes to be auctioned off and, who knows,

maybe even eaten, to raise money for the March of Dimes. Hohs's contribution was a three-layer chocolate cake. Stith's was a two-layer sour-cream chocolate job prettily topped with an oil derrick. On the whole, Steeler Hohs seemed to enter the fray with more confidence—"I don't think Mr. Stith had ever held a mixing spoon before," one of the presiding ladies said compassionately—and the confidence proved justified when his cake sold for \$40 and Stith's for only \$25. However, both pro football players finished a long way behind the superintendent of the Beatrice school system, a gentleman whose cake went for \$678.60 because Beatrice school children pooled their pennies to buy it. The Steelers and the Oilers didn't come across with a nickel for their teammates' entries.

The leaseholder of a bar in Sunnyvale, Calif. is suing the persons to whom he leased it. The defendants are said to have employed splotchy dancers, contrary to the agreement under which the premises were rented to them, and the suit alleges that they, the defendants, "employed and engaged voluptuous women who, from the waist up, are unclothed, unrestrained, unescumbered, unsupported, unashamed, unbesomed, unbriided and undaunted . . ." and lots more. It is easy to understand why the plaintiff is distressed—he is football's own Mr. Clean, Y.A. Tittle. It is less easy to understand what "unbesomed" is doing in the charge against the defendants.

Dr. Erich Segal teaches Greek tragedy, Latin poetry and comparative literature at Yale, co-wrote the script for the Beatles' film *Yellow Submarine*, has two Broadway shows opening and is the choice of a French composer for a show in Paris. The 30-year-old professor has two



books being published—on *Euripides* and *Plautus*—is at work on a third and commutes to Amsterdam to coach Dutch *Estimoteer Toon Hermans* for a possible future debut on the American stage. Running is Dr. Segal's usual exercise and, luckily, he runs pretty fast. Give him three hours and he can knock off the 26-plus miles of the classic marathon. Obviously, he has no time to waste.

Eddie Arcaro was recently taken down a peg, which is a little tough for a man who is only 5' 2" to begin with, but he handled it well. Arcaro was lunching with **Sam Renick** in a New York restaurant when the headwaiter came by their table to report that a cute little blonde in a museum skirt had asked, "Who are those two short, interesting-looking men?" "Retired jockey Sam Renick," the headwaiter told her, "and Eddie Arcaro, the greatest jockey in America." The blonde said, "The greatest *dis* jockey?" Arcaro laughed and observed, "See how quickly they forget?" Don't be silly, Eddie. That blonde never knew in the first place.

At one time the followers of South Africa's Prime Minister **Balthazar Johannes Vorster** (above, with Gary Player) con-

sidered surprising him with a nine-hole golf course for his holiday retreat on the Cape coast, but it is a little difficult to build a golf course as a surprise, and the idea was abandoned. However, the Prime Minister, an enthusiastic golfer with a handicap of 12, manages to make do with the courses in Pretoria, Cape Town and Johannesburg, where he plays, for choice, at his crocodile sheds and against his particular hero, Gary Player. It is said that Vorster plays without much style but is good natured on the links. You couldn't prove the latter by our photograph.

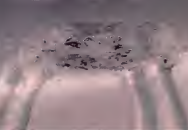
"On the whole, I don't believe people really realize that I do fly," Britain's **Prince Philip** said in a recent interview. He went on to observe rather gloomily, "I think there is a sort of residual attitude amongst people who don't fly that anybody with a title is much too stupid to do anything like that, and therefore they think that this is a great publicity gimmick . . . if you look at any reports it usually says something, in a rather patronizing way—"His Royal Highness was allowed to take the controls for part of the flight." That must certainly be irritating for an experienced pilot with several transatlantic flights to his credit.



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When a golfer attempts a shot from shallow water, only one thing is certain: he is going to get wet. Actually, hitting a ball that is under water is not as difficult as you might think, though if the ball is more than a finger length below the surface, forget it. However, shallow water shots do present problems. First, there is the refraction angle—meaning that the submerged ball does not rest exactly where it seems to—so you should bend down and take a closer look at it. Also, the golf ball will seem larger than it is. Finally, you must remember not to touch the water with your club head either at address or during the backswing. If you do, it will cost you two strokes. Remembering all this, you can now play the shot. To get at the ball you want the blade of the club almost to cut or slide through the water. You do not want the blade to hit flush against the water because it will grab the club face, slowing the club and aborting the shot. So open the club face at address, making it as flat as possible. As you come into the ball, hit strongly with your right hand—forcing the club under and through the ball on a low, slicing trajectory. Follow through as you would for a sand shot, with your right hand under your left. All this will cause a big splash and get you wet, but, most important, it will get the ball out of the water.

FRANCIS GOURA

At address (top), do not touch surface with club head, a two-stroke penalty, and when swinging (bottom), keep face of club open so it will slice through water.



Collision on the new Underground Railroad

Bob Presley came to California from Detroit via a secret transportation system that moved Negro athletes out of ghettos and into colleges around the country. For good or ill, it led to the wreck at Berkeley

The catalyzing force boiled up from matters of seeming insignificance: a bushy head of hair worn as a badge of racial pride, a day of playing hooky from basketball practice, a sneering remark by a star player about his coach. But the widely publicized case of Bob Presley, 21, a 6'10½" Negro center for the University of California basketball team at Berkeley, has ramifications be-

yond the immediate events that fostered it. Indeed, it is symbolic—perhaps a near-perfect microcosm—of the combined bafflement and belligerence that has come to infect the relations between black and white races in America.

Presley was born on the north side of Detroit, a vast urban jungle that became the fiery core of last summer's riots. Until he was in his mid-teens, Presley's world was almost devoid of contacts with white people, and during his early high school years he attended the Moore School for Boys, a predominantly Negro institution set up especially for troubled or troublesome kids. Oddly enough, Moore School had no interscholastic sports program and when Presley was 16, he was transferred to the nearby lily-white Pershing High School on Detroit's east side—largely because he was already a lanky, graceful giant with obvious potential for becoming a fine basketball player. A Pershing coach, Will Robinson, a Negro, tried desperately to keep Presley interested in getting an education by giving him lunch money and even driving him to school, but the youngster cut so many classes that he was suspended after six weeks. "Pershing was 97% white," Presley says now, "and I couldn't make the adjustment. At 16, it really hurts you when you can't dress well and drive around in nice cars like the other kids."

For the rest of that year he took a job reconditioning used cars, then enrolled the following fall at Northern High, a classic ghetto-neighborhood school (there was one white youngster among some 2,000 students). Presley buckled down more or less, was a reserve center on a team that went to the state championship finals and did finish his sophomore year. Then things exploded. In October 1964 he came to school riotously drunk one morning, slugged a teacher and started a free-for-all that took four teachers and two squad cars

of policemen to put down. In retrospect, Presley says, "I was wrong and very much ashamed of myself. It still bothers me to think about it." Of course, he was expelled from Northern, but he soon enrolled at still another Detroit school—and stayed for a grand total of four days. "Everyone started bugging me," he recalls. "Kids wouldn't stop reminding me I had hit a teacher."

By now he was really drifting and disoriented, just another rootless ghetto kid facing a future of futility and frustration—but there was still basketball. Presley spent the rest of that year working out on playground courts, polishing his moves and his shots with such local stars as Bill Buntin and Mel Daniels. Clearly young Presley had all the natural talent required to make it as a major-league basketball player. But he was 19 and still had not started his junior year of high school. Detroit school officials had had more than enough of his recalcitrant irresponsibility.

During Presley's days at Moore School he had come under the wing of George Gaddy, 50, a physical education instructor and manager of The Collegians, a local sports club for underprivileged kids. It was Gaddy who was instrumental in Presley's school transfers around Detroit, and now he was there to help again. "Of course, I refused to have anything to do with Presley until he straightened out," says Gaddy. "Then I started to look for a school to place him. I've got a friend at Pasadena City College in California, and he put me in touch with some people at Mt. San Jacinto College in Banning [Calif.]. I don't know what their connection is at the University of California. Let's just say there are people at Banning who are interested in the basketball team. I don't know who paid Presley's way out there; sometimes we have to beg money for that."

At this point Bob Presley had become



PRESLEY'S "NATURAL LOOK" IN GYM

a client of a mysterious but highly efficient network operating for Negro athletes who want to play college-level sports but simply do not have the grades, or the intelligence, or the disposition to meet the academic requirements. In a way, this is the Underground Railroad of the 20th century, a transportation system to move kids out of ghettos and into college—whether they have the basic qualifications or not. The operation is common knowledge to Negro coaches and athletes all over the country, and it is not exactly an unknown quantity to white recruiters at major colleges. It reaches far beyond Detroit, of course, but George Gaddy and Pershing Coach Will Robinson are both extremely expert conductors on the line.

"Coaches from all over the country write to me to ask me to recommend kids," says Gaddy. "They get their brains beat out by some team and they ask the rival coach, 'Where did that great colored kid come from?' He tells them to write to me. I've got them spread all over—Texas, West Virginia, California, everywhere. I can't speak all the names, there are so many."

Some of the connections are with junior colleges that can prime a kid—both academically and athletically—for entrance into a big-time college. Other stations, such as the one used for Presley, offer high school diplomas. "We save as many boys as we can," says Will Robinson. "Anybody who understands the problem of the ghetto Negro understands that the only way out of this mess is through education. It's the only way to change things. When it comes to high school diplomas for them, you can just get them, that's all. It depends on who you can touch. There's no set formula for the way we handle these kids. We try to put them someplace where they'll have a chance."

Bob Presley wound up at Salinas High School in northern California, where he roomed with five other Negro imports from Texas. He finished his junior year, went home for the summer, then moved to southern California, where he enrolled at both Mt. San Jacinto College (like other California JCs, it requires only that students be 18 years old) and at Banning High School, where he finally got his diploma not long before his 21st birthday. He then played on an excellent Mt. San Jacinto basketball team (its record was 25-5), finished the year

with a C-plus average there and applied at the University of California.

Despite Presley's bad record in Detroit, California Coach Rene Herrierias had had his eye on him from the moment he turned up at Salinas. Presley was eligible for entrance at Berkeley under a policy effective at all divisions of the California university and college system which allows 2% of entering undergraduates to be admitted at a level below the usual academic requirements. Ideally, it is a fine rule, for it brings to college the kind of late-blooming student who struggled unsuccessfully through high school, only to grow into a solid academic citizen later on. This year, at Berkeley, there are 28 athletes among 160 freshman Two Percenters but, on occasion, there have been charges that the athletic department "prostitutes" the intent of the rule.

Obviously, in this case, the combination of the Underground Railroad and the easy-entrance path to Berkeley raises a broad—and by no means new—question of academic ethics vs. cold opportunism in college recruiting. Yet, possibly the end does justify the means. As Will Robinson says, "If we can get a boy one year of college, it's better than no years at all. Once in a while one stays long enough to catch the message, and anything is better than letting them go off the deep end when they drop out of high school."

In a way, it is ironic that the Presley case should have happened at the Berkeley campus because, despite the plethora of other activist groups there, the angry organizers of Black Power have not been much in evidence. But there is an extreme, at times almost unreasonable, sensitivity these days toward any hints—real or imagined—of racial discrimination, and it does not take a professional militant to whip up a controversy.

Presley feels that his "natural" hair style may have offended Herrierias and that this, as much as his cutting practice and calling Herrierias incompetent, led two weeks ago to his "permanent" suspension from the team (it lasted no more than a few hours). Now Presley and the 25-member organization called the Black Athletes of the University of California feel they have been victims of the white man's exploitation, that equality exists on the playing field but not a step beyond. "Lack of recognition has



HERRIERIAS' TROUBLED LOOK AT CASE

been going on here for 25 years," says Presley. Whether this is true or not, the Negroes believe that it is; those who don't agree run the risk of being called Uncle Toms.

At the moment there is at least an uneasy truce between blacks and whites on the basketball team, although Cal has lost three of its last five games. "From my view," says Cal Athletic Director Pete Newell, "I would like to see the Presley case forgotten. But I realize that he is part of a national problem. I can't know about his supervision or opportunities in early life, but it is plain that he is typical of the angry young men who come from such neighborhoods. If he is able to overcome some obstacles and finally find himself, he should be credited rather than blamed."

Sooner or later the Presley case will be forgotten. But amateur Negro athletes' charges of exploitation motivated by white men's opportunism may just be beginning. They are likely to continue as long as men are sought after and allowed to enroll in college only because of their athletic prowess.

END

Sea change for a fine Mediterranean dish

A Caribbean cruise aboard the ketch 'Eudroma' is a surprise package, with floodlit parties and adventurous meals put together by the young owners, who spear their own fish and make bouillabaisse on desert islands

When you sail a few days food does not matter, but after weeks at sea you tend to be choosy about what you eat," remarked Sir Francis Chichester at the end of his voyage around the world in *Gipsy Moth IV*. "When you cruise with us," says Danielle de la Sablière, "you are on board only a week or two. But Gérard and I are always here. The food has to be good all the time."

Gérard and Danielle own and operate a 64-foot ketch, the *Eudroma*, which earns its keep, and theirs, in the grooviest way its owners have been able to think up—by charter cruises in the Caribbean. Gérard is the sailor and Danielle the chef, and, fortunately for the charterers, Danielle is just as choosy as Sir Francis.

A charter cruise is a relaxing vacation—mostly swimming, sunbathing, skin diving and sitting around picking up seashells. *Eudroma* sails the Caribbean route between the Virgin Islands and Grenada, making stops for sightseeing and shopping in calm and beautiful anchorages at Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia and St. Vincent. The tempo varies from island to island: one day a beach picnic in the Grenadines with only the lizards and the yellow-breasted sugarbirds for company; later a party at Nelson's Dockyard in Antigua complete with the gong-like rhythms of the ROAC Speedbird Harmonies steel band and *son et lumière* effects in the harbor.

As *Eudroma* cruises up and down the

island chain, Danielle shops for food and plans the meals. Her menus are as varied and exotic as the island markets. There is plenty to choose from: French food flown into Guadeloupe and Martinique, a fantastic fish market in Antigua, a huge American supermarket in the Virgin Islands, land crabs and sea eggs in St. Lucia, flying fish that leap aboard and crayfish speared by Gérard.

"I have to improvise," says Danielle. "I ask our guests what they like, and then I hope I can buy it. You can sail around for a week looking for fresh lettuce or a pound of tomatoes. Only in Guadeloupe and Martinique am I sure to find them. So many of the islands are too dry to grow anything but tropical fruit and vegetables—the Grenada market sells mostly nutmegs, and St. Vincent grows nothing but arrowroot. The first time I saw the American supermarket in St. Thomas I went wild and spent \$300!"

But for fruit and vegetables Danielle prefers St. Lucia and the French islands. "The Pointe-à-Pitre market has everything," she says. "It's both French and creole. I have to drive right across Guadeloupe to get there, because we anchor on the other side, at Anse Deshaies. But it's worth it. The fruit tastes better than anywhere else. They even fly in lettuce, fresh, thick cream and *haricots verts* from France. Right next to them there are land crabs, with their feet tied up in sugarcane leaves so they won't walk off."

Unlike many cooks afloat, Danielle

does not rely heavily on cans—nor does she have a freezer. Instead she buys top-quality, superfresh food and backs it up with canned fruit juices and a few vegetables, such as asparagus, hearts of palm and celery, to make lunchtime salads when the island markets run dry. Tea and coffee, herbs and spices, oil and vinegar and a vast restaurant-size jar of hot French mustard complete the permanent collection. "I can't keep too much around anyway," Danielle says. "I have worse storage problems than a girl in a Pullman kitchen in Manhattan."

Danielle was raised in Belgium, and she met French-born Gérard in Sicily, where he was leader of the Club Méditerranée village in Cefalù. They were married in 1966, and one of their wedding presents was *Eudroma*. Along with *Eudroma* came a cookbook, *La Cuisine est un Jeu d'Enfants* (*Cooking Is Child's Play*) by Michel Oliver, published in translation in the U.S. by Random House.

They began life afloat in the Mediterranean and then sailed across the Atlantic to Antigua, where they joined V.E.B. Nicholson's fleet of 37 sailing ships available for hire.

Eudroma is a Marconi-rigged ketch with a 100-hp marine diesel inside. She was designed by Fred Shepherd and built in England in 1937, which makes her older than either of her two owners. She is a double-enders—a style particularly favored by Shepherd—and sleeps six in comparative comfort. The charter fee for the boat is \$1,253 a week.

GETTING READY FOR GUESTS. Gérard and Danielle de la Sablière (above) buy provisions in the market of Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe. Their ketch, *Eudroma* (right), is the floodlit setting for a steel-band welcome to skippers and charterers at home base in Antigua.





from Dec. 15 through May 1, 1994 off season. Fuel, operating expenses and Danielle's marvelous meals are extra: a flat \$8 per guest per day.

A sail around the world with Gérard and Danielle would be no gastronomic hardship. Danielle has a splendid sense of organization and will produce *foie gras bourguignonne* or stuffed land crabs with equal aplomb. Unlike Sir Francis she does not need to bake her own bread, since Martinique supplies French bread as good as that of Paris (and also the best rum in the Caribbean).

Gérard is as much at home underwater as Danielle is in the galley. He teaches his charter parties skin diving and leads them on fascinating explorations of the coral reefs. The fish are there but, fortunately for skin divers and unfortunately for anglers, they are so well fed they aren't very hungry. To catch a fish in the Caribbean a spear is better than a fighting chair. Gérard allows himself to be pushed into the water to spear the smaller, striped and spotted fish—angelfish, chub, doctorfish, snapper, parrot fish, grouper and butterfly—that Danielle needs to make a creole bouillabaisse.

Bouillabaisse, like General de Gaulle, is the subject of endless lively discussion on the part of the experts. To hear some talk, any bouillabaisse made outside the city limits of Marseille is doomed to failure since it lacks the *rancasso*, a fish of alarming aspect that is the soul of the dish and supposedly is found only in that particular corner of the Mediterranean. But Danielle, a girl with a mind of her own, aided by Gérard, who was born at the other end of France from Marseille, believes that the secret of a perfect bouillabaisse is not fish from Marseille but fish fresh from the sea—any sea. "There must be many kinds of fish," says Danielle. "The flavor of the soup depends on this. So I make it only when Gerard spears a lot of fish and we have a lot of guests aboard."

Danielle cooks her bouillabaisse on the beach, in a large enameled casserole on a bonfire. She picks up her ingredients in the course of the cruise—vegetables and fresh herbs from Martinique or the Pointe-à-Pitre market in Guade-

loupe, saffron, the spice that gives the soup its color and character, she finds in St. Croix. Olive oil is one of her permanent stores.

While the guests drink planter's punches and let the sand slip through their fingers and Danielle sits in her bikini crushing garlic for the *sauce rouille* that traditionally accompanies bouillabaisse, Gérard lights the fire and scales and cleans the fish he has caught. If he has speared langoustes (the Caribbean lobster or crayfish) these go into the soup, too, although they are not strictly necessary. He cuts the big fish in thick slices, leaves the small ones whole and divides them into two groups, the firm and the flaky. The more delicate fish go into the pot last.

A bouillabaisse must cook very quickly—the casserole is half in the fire—and in 15 or 20 minutes it is ready to be ladled into soup plates over slices of French bread. *Eudroma's* guests gather around and taste. Served on a small scalloped beach, shaded by mango and breadfruit trees, bouillabaisse has undergone a sea change. Marseille seems a long way away.

Bouillabaisse is a dish that travels well, and can be made with equal success using Mediterranean, Caribbean or North American fish. In the U.S. redfish is a good substitute for the elusive *rancasso*. The accompanying sauce is made in Marseille either from homemade mayonnaise or from a mixture of olive oil and bread crumbs, seasoned with garlic, pimento and cayenne. Here is a variation on the classic recipe, using a commercial mayonnaise, which acts as a stabilizer. A hot-weather bouillabaisse calls for a sauce that will stand up under the sun.

SAUCE ROUILLE

- 2 tablespoons prepared mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon hot French mustard
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/2 teaspoon vinegar
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 2 large garlic cloves, crushed
- 1 roasted red pepper, crushed
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper
- Salt, black pepper

Beat the mustard and egg yolk into the mayonnaise. Then add the vinegar and the olive oil, slowly. Stir in the garlic and red pepper. Season with cayenne pepper, a little black pepper and salt to taste. **END**

CARIBBEAN BOUILLABAISSE uses multicolored angelfish, doctorfish and parrot fish. Olive oil, vegetables, herbs and spices used do not change in the creole version of a fumed French dish.

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In sweeping the Daytona 24-hour race some rugged German sports cars demonstrated that they are the threats of the year in the altered game of endurance racing. With the big cars of 1967 ruled out, the cry is:

Achtung! Achtung! The Porsches are coming!

There was consternation in America last summer when the PooBahs of auto racing suddenly changed the rules for sports-car endurance events, barring the big Fords, Ferraris and Chaparrals that had given Le Mans and the other classic races some of their most exciting hours. Firing the stars of the show, it was thought here, came as close as a major element of auto racing has ever come to cutting its own throat. When the new season began last weekend with the 24-hour race at Daytona Beach, Fla., the question was: How much blood had the patient lost? The answer is: plenty.

The only truly happy man at Daytona was Count Huschke von Hanstein, the director of racing for Germany's Porsche works, who watched the drivers of his long-tailed 2.2-liter 907 coupes sweep the first three places, led to victory by Vic Elford of England (who two weeks ago won the Monte Carlo rally for Porsche) and German codrivers Jochen Neerpasch and Rolf Stommelen. The one positive result of the race is that Porsche—long overshadowed by the bigger cars despite its excellence and its consistency in winning prizes for medium-sized engines—is now the endurance star and may remain so all season long.

Without Enzo Ferrari and that Detroit swinger Henry Ford II throwing hot sparkplugs at each other and at lanky Jim Hall's shiftless Chaparrals, the beach

was long on talk and short on quality racers. Nearly everybody found some excuse to bad-mouth the rulesmongers of the International Automobile Federation. Driver Mario Andretti said discreetly, "It's awfully quiet down here this year, isn't it?" Mark Donohue was more emphatic: "What they did is awful. It knocks the American manufacturers right out of international racing."

And in his big office overlooking his speedway domain Promoter Bill France grumbled, "They didn't give enough warning. It would have been nice to have the Fords, Ferraris and Chaparrals around at least for our race and Sebring."

As a hedge against not having enough cars at the starting grid—a real possibility considering the equipment that did show up—France incorporated the season's first Trans-American sedan race for Mustangs, Camaros, Dats and the like into the 24 hours. Good thing, too. Twenty-three of the 63 starters were Trans-Am cars, and won't it be a shock to the Le Mans people when those cars don't show up for *their* race in June? Even so, there were really only three hot Trans-Am cars of the larger size: two Mustangs entered by Carroll Shelby and a Camaro fixed up by Roger Penske.

A second Camaro was entered by Daytona's own Smokey Yunick, to be driv-

en by Hall and Bruce McLaren. But Smokey seems to have this problem with technical inspections. When the Sports Car Club of America tech boys presented him with a long list of modifications he would have to make he mumbled something like, "Forget it, fellas," from the depths of his Sieston, and took the car back to "the best damn garage in town."

That left most of the perace entertainment to the Howmet TX, a racer that uses a Continental turbine and emits what is coming to be known as the Andy Granatelli whine—Andy being the man who shook Indianapolis with her turbine. Howmet is a cute way of saying know-how in metals. The Howmet Corporation, which makes everything from sophisticated turbine blades to artificial joints for people who break their own (most notable patients: Casey Stengel and Arthur Godfrey), entered the 24 hours of Daytona as a technical exercise. When the FIA announced in November a formula that made the car eligible to run in the prototype class, there were some dreams of glory.

Howmet came to Daytona with two cars, a racer and a show car, and two drivers, Dick Thompson and Ed Lowther. In practice on Wednesday the racer's engine failed. Thompson, who was driving, said, "I thought the whole car was gone. It made a terrible bang." That

eliminated the race car, but 48 hours later the show car was ready to go, and Thompson qualified it at 113.21 mph, a surprising seventh best. That put it ahead of the factory Alfa Romeos, the only other cars, besides the better Trans-Am racers, with a serious chance to give Porsche any challenge, and the Alfas' two-liter engines were giving away horsepower to the larger Porsche 907s.

But the Porsche people, from Von Hanstein on down, did not appear concerned about the FIA, turbines or anything else. In fact, their garage area was a picture of Teutonic precision and serenity all week. Elford said, "We're running at about 8,200 rpm, which is quite low. Over that, we get fined."

During qualifying on Friday the Porsche 907s went out early in the morning and got into the race in third through sixth positions, trailing a pair of English-entered Ford GT-40s that included the pole car driven by Belgian Jackie Ickx at 119.37 mph. The GT-40 is a grand touring car, not to be confused with the Le Mans-winning Ford Mark IV. Ickx's speed was 2.5 mph faster than the quickest Porsche, but nobody on the Porsche team worried about the speed of a car of doubtful stamina. During the last practice session before qualifying, the four long-tailed cars were resting quietly under plastic shrouds. The entire Porsche crew had taken the day off to visit Cape Kennedy. Everybody else could have spent the week there, too, for all the good their preparations did them.

The whole thing wasn't quite that easy, but the two problems the Porsche team had—a massive accident and a broken throttle linkage—were more its own doing than anything else. As expected, Ickx, in the GT-40, took the lead when the cars got sorted out after the start at 3 p.m. Saturday. He held it for two and one-half hours, or until Co-driver Brian Redman took over and discovered his transmission had broken down. Then the second GT-40, driven by Paul Hawkins and David Hobbs, went ahead and set a hot pace until just before midnight, when a brake-pad change took an inexplicable 40 minutes and let three factory Porsches into the first three positions. From then on it was just a matter of waiting around through the long, cold night and a very hot Sunday to see which Porsche would take the checkered flag.

In the fourth hour the only serious

accident occurred. It was a beaut and very nearly cut the Porsche team in half. Gerhard Mitter, in Car No. 53, spun on an oil slick near the end of the tri-oval straight, punctured a tire and flipped at 120 mph. Coming behind, Masten Gregory—in one of two outclassed Ferraris entered by Enzo's man in New York, Luigi Chinetti—spun and flipped, and behind Gregory a private Porsche, driven by Dieter Spoerry, spun and wound up wrecked against the outside wall. The first car to reach the debris was Elford in Porsche No. 54. "I couldn't see a thing except dust," he said. "But I didn't have much choice as to where to go." Fortunately he went low, avoided Spoerry by inches and continued on.

Then around 11 a.m. Sunday the throttle linkage on Jo Siffert's leading Porsche broke, and he spent nearly half an hour getting that back together and in the process gave up the lead to the Elford car for good. He completed 2,526 miles at an average speed of 106.697 mph.

The turbine made an excellent, but short-lived, showing. Thompson moved it from seventh place to fourth during the first hour, but the throttle stuck when Lowther took his first driving turn and the grand experiment wound up against the wall and out of the race.

In the Trans-American division Penske's Camaro led early, until a cylinder head let go. The Horst Kwech-Allan Moffat Shelby Mustang had a suspension failure, and the other Shelby car, driven by Jerry Titus and Ronnie Bucknum, coasted home an easy class winner, fourth overall but some 165 miles behind the winning Porsche. Another Porsche was the Trans-Am two-liter winner.

The Alfas were never really in the race. This was their first serious venture in years, and a lot of bugs needed to be worked out, both in the engines and among the pit crews, who attacked the racers with operatic inefficiency.

Although the race lacked the excitement of the previous Ford-Ferrari duels, there was at least some heartening news for European fans. Both Porsche and Alfa are working on engines right at the three-liter maximum, and there is a good chance that one or maybe both factories will have them ready for the Sebring 12 Hours on March 16. If not by then, surely by Le Mans in June. The patent will live, but a transfusion is indicated.

END

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Old Lion in a New Land

Kenya's most famous white hunter, Harry Selby, has emigrated to Botswana. On safari there he explains the move, takes stock of his future and watches an SI writer shoot the tail off an impala

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

Illustrations by Saul Lambert



The watering hole at the edge of the swamp at Maun is called Riley's Hotel. It is one story tall and sprawls—but not far—under a corrugated iron roof. There is a fence around it to keep animals out, and the bleached skull of an old bull elephant lies in the gray sand beside the gate like a sentry. White hunters used to come in there on Saturday night and order a beer and shoot a hole in the ceiling, but in these more sophisticated times Riley's now knows some refinement. Moving pictures of fairly recent import are shown on Friday nights, and on Sunday the Methodist bishop sets up an altar and conducts services. But Saturday night remains reasonably unchallenged. The suspicion is that more beer per capita is consumed on a Saturday night at Riley's than anywhere in the world, and the white hunters in from the bush sit around and tell stories of climbing in and out of the tents of clients' wives, and stories that are closer—well, somewhat closer—to the truth. *Piz!* Lionel Palmer was charged by three lions simultaneously. Calm as a judge, he gauged the distance and foot speed of each lion and shot them in scientific sequence, leading off with the fastest, and when he worked the bolt and pulled the trigger on No. 3 the barrel was down the beast's throat.

One Saturday night not long ago two young hunters named Daryl Dandridge and Dougie Wright got caught up in a hunters' debate on the terrors of the swamp—the Okavango Swamps in northern Botswana consist of 6,500 square miles of crocodiles, hyenas, lions, buffalo and tsetse flies—and, accepting a dare (no cash involved), set out straight away to tackle the 150-mile crossing from Maun to Shakawe with nothing more than the knives on their belts. They emerged six days later on the other side of the swamp, stone sober.

We had not come to Maun to find Riley's, of course. Riley's was a bonus. We had come to Maun to find Harry Selby, to hunt with him in a land most Americans have never heard of. Those who have would be hard put to lay a finger to it on a map. Harry Selby has been called the best of the great white hunters, and he may be the last in that classic sense, because the white-hunter business is not what it used to be. Raised on a farm in Kenya, Harry Selby shot his first antelope at 8, his first elephant at 14. He could speak Swahili in three dialects by early adolescence. He fought Mau Mau (between safaris) as a young white hunter and was pangsyrured in books by Robert Ruark. Though still a young man, now 43, Selby had presumably migrated some 1,400 miles southwest to Botswana to shoot out his years keeping black-maned lions off the necks of his clients. Ruark had written in a column that Selby was thrown out of Kenya when the country gained independence and the Mau Mau faction sought reprisals against former enemies. Ruark was himself *persona non grata* in Kenya because of his book *Uhuru*. In any case, Selby had come to Botswana and set up a depot for

Ker, Downey & Selby Safaris in Maun and had, in fact, nursed the white-hunter business there to a marginal prosperity. In light of the fading eminence of Kenya as the center of hunting in Africa, Botswana was virgin territory, rich in game—a bright prospect.

The porter at Riley's came for us at 6.30 a.m., came without knocking into the room, with just a gentle "good morning, mornin, good morn-ning," bringing cups of steaming black liquid that could, if taken hastily, cauterize the throat—sea for Peter Hawthorne and coffee for me. It is a fine old African custom to be aroused before dawn with something to seal you into action. Peter Hawthorne, the arranger of our safari, had met Selby in Nairobi after the Mau Mau uprising. Hawthorne works out of Johannesburg, South Africa as a correspondent for an incongruous assortment of periodicals, a job that has caused him to develop the writing style of a chameleon.

We had made it up from Johannesburg to Maun by two-engine chartered plane the afternoon before, flying the 500 miles directly over the burning Kalahari Desert, the heat rising up to shake the small plane. The Kalahari is two-thirds of Botswana. It is a vast sandy scrubland, ugly as a bed sore. It is where the tiny crinkled yellow-brown aborigines known as Bushmen have made their last stand against encroaching civilization, speaking in the clucking tongue of turkeys, eating lizards, hunting with bows and arrows and enduring the probing of fascinated anthropologists. The Kalahari is so remote that single-engine aircraft coming from the south are required to take the milk route around, following the railroad tracks, checking in at Francistown on the fertile eastern edge of Botswana, and then on to Maun.

Botswana was called Bechuanaaland, a protectorate of Great Britain, until granted independence in late 1966. It is now a republic, ruled by a black president, Sir Seretse Khama, with his white English-born wife, a former London secretary named Ruth Williams. The blacks call her Queen Ruth. Botswana is roughly the size of Kenya, but it is landlocked and its population is less than 600,000—about 2½ people per square mile. No more than 4,000 are white. The economy is red. In a continuing effort to improve it, Seretse Khama walks a diplomatic tightrope between white South Africa to the south, Rhodesia to the east and black Africa to the north. He seems to get along with them all, an extraordinary contortion on a confused and confusing continuum. He is, in the bargain, a devout anti-Communist.

We did not really have to risk the Kalahari, Peter said. We could have chartered in from Salisbury in Rhodesia, or down from Livingstone in Zambia, to rendezvous with Harry at Victoria Falls, where that largest of the world's great cataracts tumbles out of the Zambezi River. "Or for some real adventure we could have come up from Francistown on the new road which was built with a Yankee-

continued

Old Lion continued



dollar loans. It is a dirt road, like they all are. Yellow dust. There's one petrol pump the 320 miles of it, but you can make it through the Makarikari Salt Pans and the mopane trees now with nary a flat, and that's a very nice improvement. The old road was the worst I have ever seen. It could take 18 hours or three weeks, depending on conditions. I might have been able to show you the difference between a wildebeest and a camel-thorn tree en route, or maybe we would have stumbled onto some terrorists with Chinese guns on their way south."

Harry had met us when we put down at the flat grassy strip that serves as the Maun airport on the previous afternoon, checked us into Riley's, then returned later to take us home for dinner. There was immediate rapport. The presence of Harry rather than the appearance is reassuring. He is not tall, no more than 5'10", though his legs are thick and his hands and forearms ample. His handsome smile comes quickly, from a mouth turned down at the sides. He has the sloping, soulful eyes of a spaniel, and they miss nothing. He is capable of great charm, cultivated by many evenings at campfires explaining why Mr. Elephant is really king of beasts and Mr. Lion just a rogue. He rises to a discussion in fine style.

Selby's English has an East African-colonial polish, as opposed to the more slack-tongued South African or Australian. He is unfailingly courteous, and, as with most unfailingly courteous people, he is at times inscrutable. To illustrate. If I missed a shot I should have made—which was to happen in the days ahead—he would say, "Oh, bad luck," or, "just a hair too high." There is at least one white hunter in Botswana who would not let so fine an opportunity go by. This colorful character once aban-

doned a couple in the bush when they froze on a shot. "Are you paralyzed?" he shouted, and stalked off. They found their way back by the nose of his cursing—one of his boys had let a rhino bang into the car while they were gone. A client kept asking this hunter the same questions over and over. The hunter threw up his hands, "Why don't you buy yourself a bloody notebook and write these bloody answers down?" The impression is that Harry Selby would never snap, growl or abandon. Nor would he pass out gratuitous praise. The impression is of a man with a powerful engine room, but on the surface he is serene and smooth-sailing.

The Selby house is on the outskirts of Maun. It is part of the Ker-Downey-Selby compound, fence enclosed, where there are tool and supply sheds, heavy equipment, a cleaning-and-crating area for the shipment of trophies and skins to successful clients and the house of another K-D-S hunter, David Sandeburg. Selby came alone in 1963 to set up shop; he now has four associate white hunters. The compound was leased from an outfit that used it to process native labor for the gold mines in South Africa. The large house, with the familiar corrugated iron roof, backs onto the river, actually the edge of the swamp, and, like all rivers of the Okavango, it is clear and cool and inviting. The Selbys swim in it, being careful of the crocodiles.

The yard is shaded with poinsettia and oleander trees, frangipani and citrus. "Do you like grapefruit?" Harry said, pulling down one of brilliant color. "We will pack some for our breakfasts in camp." He was an attentive host, hopping up and down to replenish the cashews or pour another drink as we sat on the terrace to watch the sun splash through the acacia trees and into the swamp. For himself, it was always Coke. An ulcer put him on the wagon seven years ago and he stayed there.

Except for the huge carcass of a Kodiak bear Harry had shot in Alaska and laid out on the veranda floor, the place is missing the horns and heads you would expect in a great white hunter's house. Harry said he was never much for collecting. "Can you imagine sitting down to dinner and having those bloody things staring you in the face?" He said the good ones he had bagged in East Africa had been passed on for safekeeping to an American friend, John Mecom. Mecom owns the New Orleans Saints of the National Football League. He is one of Selby's regular clients. Others have been Walter O'Malley, Laurentz Melchior, the Maharaja of Jaipur, Prince Stanislaus Radziwill and ex-President Alemán of Mexico. Mecom has been trying to talk Harry across the Atlantic to run a game farm in Texas. Harry has been to Texas.

The Selbys are four of the 60 whites who live in Maun. Harry married the tiny blond Miki during the Mau Mau emergency in Kenya. She was a stewardess for South African Airways when they met in Nairobi. There are two children—Mark, 13, a skinny bug-eyed lad who just the

week before had shot his first elephant, and Gail, 8, a tomboy who was growing a couple of teeth to fill a vacancy in front.

"Why Botswana?" I asked him as he circled again with the cashews.

"Well, in the first place, Donald Ker and Sid Downey knew its potential, and we couldn't just send anybody. We had to send a director. I was not averse to moving south." He sat down and crossed his legs and put a handful of nuts in his mouth. "I quite liked the idea, in fact. I had begun to think that there was not a whole lot of future in Kenya. The game was getting scarcer, and they had closed the Northern Frontier to hunting. Started controlling the tsetse fly and opening it up for farming. You eradicate the tsetse fly and the African moves in with his cattle, and the game goes. It would be wrong to say hunting is no longer good there, because it is good. Clients are being satisfied. But the game in East Africa has been under great pressure for the last 25, 26 years. For example, there are very few places you can still hunt rhino. People just have to accept it—you can't or won't get certain animals. On my first safari in 1946 we turned up 18 lions before we shot one. It wasn't being blasé. It was just what everyone did. You shopped around and picked the one you wanted. We do it here if we're looking for a good impala head. Lions used to be classified as vermin in East Africa and you shot all you wanted. Now they're on an expensive special license.

"I do miss Kenya, of course. It is a beautiful country, with its mountains and its great plains, and, of course, it is home. The country here, for the most part, is so flat you see a 20-foot rise and your ears pop. Still, it has its beauty, and we were fortunate in our transition that there was not a great change. Life is very similar. There is certainly no social life. If Miki missed that she would go absolutely mad, but she does not. She likes the bush. For someone dependent on others, Maun would be a disaster. We get by because we are self-sufficient. We make our own bricks from natural sand. I absolutely love carpentry and mechanics. I am happy breaking down an engine, grease to my elbows.

"The best thing about it is we see each other far more than we did in East Africa. We do not have those tremendous distances separating us. In Kenya sometimes, and in Tanganyika, a safari might be 1,700, 1,800 miles away, sometimes four days' traveling time. You might just as well be on the other side of the bloody world."

"Then you weren't thrown out of Kenya?"

"I promise you that is completely untrue. I don't know where Bob Ruark got that story. He could not have been more wrong. I left on my own free will. There was certainly no fear of Mau Mau reprisal. I can go back when I please. And I do. I still carry my British passport. K-D-S is still based in Nairobi. Seven-eighths of our business is there, including an interest in the Tree Tops Hotel, the

game lodge built in a tree. My shares of the company are in Keoya. I was never asked to leave, and there is always the possibility I will someday go back."

The sun was long down. The eating turned from cashews on the stoop to curry on the screen-enclosed veranda and the conversation to more immediate concerns. We asked what was out there waiting for us. There were all sorts of pleasant things, Harry said. He told of having just beaten off a debilitating case of bilharzia, contracted from a worm in the water. "You can get it just washing your hands," Miki said cheerfully. Harry said the sleeping-sickness scare from tsetse fly bites was quite overrated, that the two men who had died, the white hunter and the client, would have been all right if they'd been less stubborn and rushed on back to Maun. "The whole thing was blown up out of proportion because they were safari people. Actually we get far less sleeping sickness here than they do in Tanganyika, only 102 cases out of 550,000 people two years ago."

Miki said to be sure and pound our shoes on the ground in the morning, heels down, in case a stray scorpion moved in during the night. Harry said not to worry about malaria, that the whole Selby family had had malaria at one time or another and it was easy to shake. And the mamba? The little green snake that can kill you in five minutes? Don't give it a thought. You seldom see one. Besides, there was this terrific snakebite kit. "In fact," Harry said, "the doctor tells me we're better equipped in the field than the Maun hospital."

He said there hadn't been many man-eating lions around this part of the world since they built the railroad in Keoya. Then the lions used to come into the railroad shacks at night, put their back paws on the lower bunk, their front paws on the middle bunk, and lift the man of their choice off the top.

I asked Miki if scaring the daylighters out of the clients was regular first-night fare or was this a special treat.

"Oh, my, no," she said sweetly. "We just don't consider you clients at all."

"Besides," said Harry, "you met our flying doctor, the big fellow at the airstrip who was wrestling with that stubborn gate!"

"Ripped the bloody gate off with his bare hands is what he did," said Peter.

"That's him," said Harry. "His specialty is flying 14 feet off the ground and taking the tops off trees on take-offs. He'll rescue you from anything."

"That's very comforting," said Peter.

We finished our early-morning tea and coffee, pounded our shoes, heels down, on the floor at Riley's and went out to meet Harry. The Land Rover was loaded with our gear and more supplies. The big lorry had gone on ahead with \$18,000 worth of camp equipment, including a large

continued

Old Lion continued

refrigerator ("ice cubes for the gin and tonic!" Peter shouted) and a wide variety of comfort-makers—a shower tent, a toilet tent, tablecloths, silverware, etc.—that Harry distinguishes as "civilized living" and not luxuries. The lorry also carried the 12 porters who would set up and tend camp.

Lukas, a shiny-black little native with a floppy felt hat, loaded on the arsenal: a .416 Rigby and .458 Browning for elephant; a .375 Browning and .375 Winchester for buffalo and lion, or even an elephant; the comfortable 7 mm. Weatherby Magnum for medium-sized game (zebra, kudu, sable, sitatunga, impala, wildebeest); a 12-gauge shotgun for guinea fowl and a .22 for administration of *coup de grace*. We had planned for a 10-day safari and, in order to see as much as possible of Harry and his new country, to do only a minimum of shooting—that which was allowed on the general license and was necessary for the pot, and, perhaps, a buffalo or a kudu. If presented the opportunity, we might try for a black-maned lion.

"We should see lions," Harry said as we moved out of the compound and onto the sand road leading north to his concession. "Whether we'll see a good male or not is problematical. Lions in Africa today are quite scarce. They're bad breeders. The females turn the cubs loose far too early and they are killed, or starve to death, before they can fend for themselves. The lion population is pretty rapidly declining. The lions here, what are very loosely called black-maned lions, are much fiercer than the ones in East Africa, and a little bigger, and I've noticed they're even aquatic when they get around the swamp. In 1965, when we had a dry year, actually the last year of a four-year drought in Botswana, there were a lot of lions down on the water. The pans back in the heavy woods had dried up. We got 19 lions that year. Last year it was wet, and they stayed back up in there. They wise up, you know. And we only got nine. But one's chances of getting a lion today are better in Botswana than any part of Africa."

The 75 miles to the concession took four hours. The sand is deep, and, as the wheels dug in, Harry dropped into four-wheel drive. In Kenya, where the plains are hard, cutting trails was not necessary. In Botswana the thickness of the mopane scrub, the grass and sand demand it. Setting a grass fire and letting it run is often necessary. He has cut 250 miles of crisscrossing trails through his concession since 1963, and as the game gets more wary he will have to cut more.

The vast K-D-S concession covers 4,800 square miles on the northwest edge of Botswana, near the Chobe Game Reserve. Harry spent 20 hours on reconnaissance flights over the concession before moving in in 1963. The principal landmark is the River Kwai, where the game flocks. Harry could not resist building a bridge over the Kwai a couple of years ago but did not bother to rebuild it when

it collapsed. The Land Rover can ford the river without a bridge.

By estimates, his is the best hunting area in Botswana. It has all the requirements: plenty of water, plenty of grazing land, plenty of tsetse flies. On the road up we passed the government outpost for tsetse fly control, and it was not long before the tsetses had joined us in the cabin and were digging in. At first contact, Peter reached for the aerosol can. "You aren't begrudging the famine-ridden Botswana tsetse fly a little blood, are you?" Harry said.

"Listen, Harry, you've overrated the tsetse," I said. "It does not pack the wallop of the Bahaman flea or the Florida mosquito and, being larger, it is easier to swat."

"Wait'll one gets you blind, through your pants," Harry said. "But after a while you won't even notice, so please do not kill them all. We worry enough about losing them as it is. When they start putting pressure on this country to kill the tsetse it'll be that much more wilderness gone. Look there, see that village? That wasn't here when I first came. There are four or five through the concession now."

"You can't have a wilderness forever because the land is too valuable. The thing to do, of course, is to make game more valuable than the scruffy cattle they bring in. Make game pay for itself. Last year game licenses alone brought \$150,000 into the tribal treasures, which isn't much to a highly developed country, but to a poor one it is a bundle."

The camp was set up in a wooded area near the Kwai. We settled in, and in the late afternoon went out to look for a decent impala to shoot for the pot. Except perhaps for springbok, there is no sweeter venison in Africa. With the sun going down, there was a great surge of activity around us. Five o'clock rush hour in the bush. Great herds of wildebeest and sassaby and impala momentarily stopped to stare as the cream-colored intruder blundered past. We saw giraffe and, moving far off, a herd of zebra; in a short span we caught glimpses of waterbuck, sable and sitatunga, of lechwe, warthog and a small sewing circle of lovely kudu females.

Harry had me try out the 7 mm. on a mark on a tree. On the recoil the edge of the scope banged against my forehead, leaving a crescent-shaped canal of blood. "It'll make an impressive scar," he said. He gave me two trial shots and said that would be sufficient. We eventually picked out an impala and went after it on foot. I followed Harry, trying to imitate that stooping, mincing, pigeon-toed walk he goes into when he is stalking game. He can walk that way for hours. We got into position and I bloodied my forehead again. The shot was high, and there was a flurry of vanishing camp meat. "Bad luck," said Harry. We went further into the bush, and Harry stopped and pointed. "There. That one. Plunk it." This one I hit in the jaw, being more careful of the recoil than the aim, and,

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Old Lion continued

when it stopped a way off to see what devil had suddenly brought the fire into its life, I put another in its side, and we had our meat. I said I was not proud of that kind of shooting. "It's the little quick ones that are hardest to hit," said Harry. He looked at my forehead. "At least you've quit wounding yourself."

The camp was a reflection of Harry Selby's good taste and efficiency. The individual tents were of a comfortable size and could be zipped tight. The cots were sturdy, and there were always fresh sheets. Laundry service in a boiling pot every day. The cook, Mukoma, knew his business. In the days ahead the impala and others like it would come to the mess tent as steak and gingerly stew.

The nights were cool enough for blankets, and stray hyenas came regularly to render a serenade or two. Occasionally buffalo or elephant splashed into a nearby pan and you could hear them bawling about. On the third day we came across our first good herd of Cape buffalo and tracked them for three miles, hoping to get a shot. They were too skittish and the bush too dense, and we settled for the pleasure of seeing a couple of small elephants drinking and bathing at a pan. "Still a lot of water up here,"

said Harry. "Much better hunting when it's dry and they have to move down to the river."

The next morning he decided we would do some hard tracking for the buffalo, and we arrived at the pan early to pick up the tracks. Harry moved after them, and I tried to keep up with him, remembering that he had said to stay close ("I am very uneasy if my client wanders, especially with buffalo"). We had gone about two miles when we began to hear them moving ahead of us, grazing and favoring one another with resonant grunts. They seemed to be near, always over the next rise, but the bush was thick, and it was nearly another mile before we finally got a look at them. By that time my mouth was chalk, the sand was running out the tops of my shoes and I was silently cursing Harry for being able to avoid the camel thorns that were grabbing at my flesh. Suddenly he motioned me to him behind a tree. A couple of bulls at the rear of the herd had turned and were making tentative moves as if to charge. "If they stampede, stick behind the tree and they'll run right past us," he said. There was no charge, however, and the bulls were not of a size Harry would like to shoot, but another 50 yards and there was a large

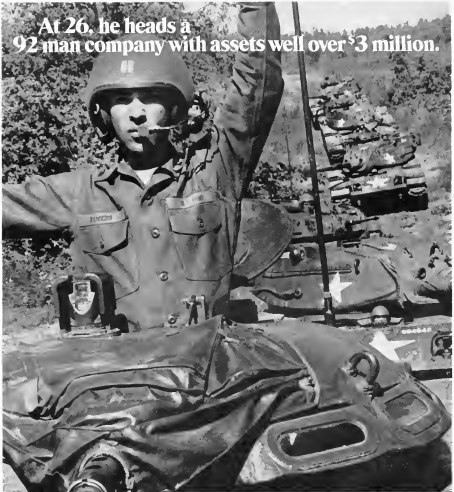
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Old Lion continued

bull with a nice horn presenting a fairly close shot.

The bull's shoulder was obscured by a thorn bush. "Punk it," Harry said. I lowered the .375 until the post scope was on what figured to be the shoulder, and, almost on its own, the gun went off, and a little bit of hell broke loose. The herd crashed away as one, and our buffalo with it, running left to right. Harry fired, and I fired again. "We put two in him at least," he said. "Should be sufficient." "I think my first one was a little high," I said, dismayed. Carefully, very carefully, with Mrewa and Jacob, two of the trackers, joining in, Harry moved up ahead, looking for spoor on the ground and the branches, careful lest we have a wounded buffalo down our tonsils before we could see it. Three hundred yards more and it was there in the sand, lying in a great heap. "Quite dead," said Harry. He checked and found the first shot had hit just above the shoulder, his backup shot in the neck, my throwaway shot on the rump as the beast fled. "First shot killed it," he said. "Well done." My relief was immense.

It came to me then, as we headed back to the Land Rover, my horns aloft on the makeshift stretcher and dripping blood. It came to me what had been dawning from the beginning. With Harry it was simple. With Harry it was a walk in the park. With Harry I had experienced no fear, not even a conventional down-to-earth apprehension. It was no newly discovered bloom on my manhood; it was the competency of his. The novice client in the bush is like a novice in the chair of a deep-sea charterboat. Never mind those pictures of the 600-pound tuna that took two hours to land. Like the charterboat captain, the white hunter, if he is good, does all the work; he wrestles with that Land Rover for 10 or 12 hours a day, his eyes everywhere looking for signs. He tracks the game. He finds it. He leads you up to it. And you, the tagalong, squeeze the trigger. If there is danger, he is the catalyst that dispels it. Sometimes he dispels it with a bullet.

I recall what Selby said one evening by the fire. He said clients make safaris, make them memorable or miserable, and the secret of pleasing the clients is to make them do what you want without their realizing you're telling them to do it. "Many of these people are used to giving orders, not taking them," he went on. "Sometimes, very rarely, but occasionally, you get a fellow on his second or third safari who before very long is teaching you. You approach an animal on foot and fail. The chap says, 'Well, we should have used the Land Rover.' You know damn well if we'd failed in the Land Rover he'd say we should have gone on foot. Sometimes it's just a guy that rubs. You don't want to say 'no,' certainly not all the time. You say, 'Well, I think this is better,' but you can't keep saying that either. The best way to stop that nonsense is to get the fellow into a hell of a good fight, into a big herd of buffalo or elephant. Other times it might be 20 miles of tracking in one day. I had a chap here with a young son, a

spoiled brat actually, and it had been this way. He shot a buffalo rather easily and his daddy said later, 'So-and-so doesn't think there's much to this. Thinks it's rather like shooting a cow,' and I said, 'Oh, does he?' The next day we chanced to get a herd in this short scrub after a long walk, and this time they didn't turn tail and run. A big old bull took a couple of steps toward him, and I thought the kid was going to shoot himself. His father said that night that So-and-so had changed his mind about buffalo.

"When I was in Alaska hunting that bear you saw on the veranda, I did exactly what I was told. What's the use of hiring a professional if you're not going to listen to him? As it happens, the worst thing that builds up is the tension. You're not getting shots. The client doesn't speak for a week. Then, suddenly, he kills a lion, and all at once he's slapping your back and telling you you're the best damn white hunter in Africa. I suppose that's why I like the Americans best. I can understand the Americans. They are colonialists like we are. They're uncomplicated. They want to hunt, period. You know exactly where you stand, and you go ahead and do your best and they recognize it right away. I've had Continentals sulk for two days after missing a shot. Well, that's not going to help them make the next one.

"Of course, most people have the wrong idea about the white hunter," Harry was saying now as we headed back to camp with the buffalo horns. "They picture him as a great big bruiser with bullets in his belt and a leopard skin around his hat, swigging whiskey and making passes at women all day, which could not be further from the truth. You certainly couldn't keep a client long by engaging in that kind of foolishness. We get applicants writing to us all the time, from the States, from Europe, everywhere, young fellows supposing what a lot of glamour there is, when in actual fact it's just a hell of a lot of hard work—16, 18 hours a day. Just learning the game and the country takes eight or 10 years. So most of these chaps we don't bother to answer, but last year I had this boy from England who was desperately keen on getting on safari. I'll-work-for-nothing sort of thing. Against my better judgment, I took him on, and he turned out to be absolutely hopeless. His idea of a safari was to sit around behaving like a client, drinking beer and letting some other junior hunter repair the truck or cut the trail. Oh, father, will you have a look at that!"

He had stopped the Land Rover and was looking far off into the scrub. About a mile away was a small gray mountain, browsing peacefully. Harry called for his .416, and I had the .375. We went to have a closer look.

"See here? He's been eating here," Harry said, pointing to the bare tips of mopane scrub. We were close enough now. "Will you look at the size of that tusk? It must be 130 pounds." We had no intention of shooting the elephant, just looking. But as it turned to face the small

interruption, the huge animal revealed a broken left tusk.

"Insurance policy," Harry said. "Good for you, old fellow. Nobody will shoot you now. You're safe to a ripe old age." Harry was plainly taken by the beast. "Look at that wily old rascal raise his trunk at us." Harry raised his head. "You wouldn't think a mossy chap like that could show such expression, but just look at him. Truly the king of beasts. Huge, afraid of nothing. Wanders around the countryside minding his own business, knowing every water hole for miles around. Gets fed up with an area, just picks up and goes a hundred miles and knows every inch of the way. You could see the way they'd go across the Northern Frontier of Kenya. You'd see tracks on the road a while, then they'd be gone, then back on again. What he'd done was cut the corner where the road bends. Never one foot farther than he needs to."

We were back in the Land Rover and Peter said it seemed to him old Harry Selby had an uncommon crush on elephant meat.

"It's not that I admire him so much as an adversary," said Harry. "He's not so highly dangerous. I admire him as an animal. I think he's a wonderful animal, and of course a fine pair of tusks is a wonderful trophy. But to understand a white hunter's respect for the elephant you must read Bell's books. I have them back in Maun. Old Karamoja Bell. He hunted around 1900, 1910 in Uganda, for the ivory. He shot thousands of elephants, I suppose,

using nothing but that .275, which is plenty enough if you use it right. All through those books, though he's hunting them and killing them, you could sense that he adored elephants.

"Now, your impression of an elephant is to drive along a road and spot one and just walk on over to it. This was just a lucky break. Usually you pick up the tracks at a water hole, then it's hour after hour of tracking. You would swear he was deliberately staying a couple of miles ahead. Every mile is bloody horrible. Incredibly dirty. You swear you don't ever want to see an elephant again, and this can go on week after week. In Kenya we reckoned a good elephant would walk you a hundred miles. Then one day you track one out and there is a magnificent pair of tusks, right down to the ground, and suddenly it all becomes worthwhile. It's the greatest hunting of all."

After that the days went by quickly. Harry found zebra for Peter and me, and we shot them cleanly. We sat behind a blind waiting for kudu from dawn to lunch one day, but the kudu never showed. We chanced upon a huge herd of buffalo on an open plain, and Harry gunned the Land Rover and jammed it in among the herd as it fled. He was enjoying the recklessness, happily calling out to the animals—great, groaning, massive bodies hurtling alongside. We saw lions and lion cubs in the tall grass by the river, but aside from the zebra and the buffalo we were satisfied just to shoot camp meat—impala and wildebeest and guinea fowl. On a

Continued



Old Lion continued

windy day I shot the tail off an impala buck. Mrewa and Jacob found it in the scrub, neatly detached, and broke out laughing. "Around their fire they will now refer to you as Mr. Tail," Harry said. "This will be known as Mr. Tail's safari. It was some shot. I have never seen one quite like it in 20 years of hunting."

"Let us pray that the poor impala grows a new tail," said Peter. "It could be most embarrassing for him."

We moved up to the swamp for a couple of days and fished the labyrinth of cool, green channels, bringing up bream and tiger fish that would bite an oar if it were presented to them. We saw no signs of Bobby Wilmot, the legendary old man of the swamps who has been hunting crocodile in the Okavango for the last 12 years. Mark Selby, Harry's 13-year-old, and Daryl Dandridge joined us there. Mark had been missing shots and Harry was trying to restore his confidence. The boy kept insisting on using the .375, though it was too heavy, because the .375 had killed him his elephant. On instruction from Harry, Daryl took Mark on scouting and work missions and made them stern lessons in bushmanship.

Daryl: What's that?

Mark (coming up from behind): Elephant.

Daryl (impatiently): Of course it's an elephant, anybody can see that. What about it? What does it mean?

"It's an old elephant. You can tell the imprint of its heel, round and smooth."

"What else?"

"Well, uh, it's just an elephant."

"All right. It's *not* an old elephant. It's a very young elephant. And that's *not* the heel, it's the toe, and it's going in the other direction, traveling fast."

Mark is silent. Daryl continues: "You see, the tracks are singular. When moving slow, its hindleg tracks come up to meet its foreleg's, but here they are distinct. Now here a buffalo herd came across the tracks." Daryl moves out, his long skinny legs covering ground fast, his eyes up in the trees. "See there? The broken branch? The leaves on the tree are gray from the mud off the elephant's back. It's gone this way."

Mark wants desperately to be a white hunter. Harry does not discourage it, but he does not see it as representing a long-term future.

"He has, say, seven years before he can actually take a safari himself. It's a good, clean, honorable life, but by then safari as we know it may well be gone. Inevitably the game will be concentrated in preserves. I don't mean it will all be shot off in the next few years, but I do believe as time goes on it will dwindle, and people won't come all the way from the U.S. to shoot impala or wildebeest. There has to be an availability of exotic species, and these will go."

"A lot of oldtime hunters would find it very difficult to earn bread and butter today. You must work so much

harder. Don't get me wrong. There were some terrific hunters in the old days—Philip Percival, who was my mentor, and Alan Black, Pat Ayer, Dennis Funchhatten. They were all good. But game was much more plentiful. Several of the oldtimers tried it again after the war. They quit fast. They said this wasn't hunting, this was a rat race. Back then they had three-, four- and five-month safaris. Everything was leisurely. Find something, shoot it, lie around camp a couple of days. Today you have to get it in a very limited time. Keep the skanners busy. Keep everybody busy. Ulcers develop. You don't get kudu, you try for springbok. Keep crossing the animals off. If you had a breakdown or got stuck in the old days, there was no great panic. Just one of those things. Today a breakdown is a catastrophe. You're losing time."

Twice on our moves from camp to camp we ran into other K-D-S safaris. David Sandeburg had a single hunter, a South African with a beard. George Barrington's American client wore a fancy bullet-studded belt and was a very happy man. He had shot a good-size lion, a couple of zebras, a kudu, a sable, a waterbuck, he was going for elephant, and he fancied he had turned into a first-rate killer. He also made a point of mentioning that he had brought his girl friend on the trip instead of his wife.

"He'd better watch old George," Peter said as we sat in front of the campfire that night. "You know how white hunters are. George of the cool blue eyes and the smooth English charm is liable to move right in on old what's-his-name. What's that story they tell at Riley's? The rich American client's wife is on the steps of the plane for home when, seized by heartfelt regret, she turns and flees down the ramp and into the white hunter's arms."

"That happened," said Harry, grinning. "But there are always the other stories. Like the two partners there in Maun who got to drinking one night, then to arguing, then to a rather sloppy piece of push-and-shove fighting. The one hunter's wife intervened with a torch and delivered them both to the ground. That same wife administered the same knockout punch with the same flashlight one night when her husband staggered home and announced he'd turned the car over in a ditch near the house. 'It'll be jes fine soon's I get it into four-wheel drive,' he said. All four wheels were up in the air, spinning."

"You mustn't ever think we're infallible, us white hunters," said Harry. "And we miss the easy shots, too. Old Phil Percival tells how he went to get a wildebeest to put out for a lion kill. Phil walked out from the car and this wildebeest was sitting on the plain. Phil sits down on his haunches, really screws himself into the ground, takes careful aim and lets fly. Bang. The wildebeest looks at him. Nothing. Phil reloads. Bang. Nothing happens. Five times. His magazine's empty. He gets up and dusts himself off, and the client shouts from the car, 'Phil, c'mon, keep on. You've got him worried.'"

End

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (16-0) 2. COLUMBIA (13-3) 3. ARMY (15-3)

The site, New York's Madison Square Garden, was an unlikely one for a game between unbeaten Houston and Marshall, and the crowd—a mere 8,606—must have seemed puny to the Cougars after the 52,600 who packed the Astrodome for their win over UCLA. But the sounds of bravado emanating from Marshall were familiar. The Thundering Herd thought 6'7" George Stone, their leading gunner, would give Houston's Elvin Hayes a battle. It was no contest. The Big E, nestled comfortably in a low post, soared over Stone for little jumpers, easily rebounded from him for layups and rebounds (he had 19) and generally did just about as he pleased—except when Marshall switched to a zone in the second half and began double-teaming him. While Coach Guy Lewis seriously wrung his red-and-white polka-dotted towel on the bench, Hayes went 11 minutes without a basket, and Stone, Bob Redd and Danny D'Antoni led a Marshall rally that cut Houston's lead from 12 to four points with 5:40 to play. Then Hayes threw in 11 more points, to finish with 39, and the Cougars won 102-93. Elvin had some advice for Stone. "He only plays at one end," said Hayes. "He should have passed the ball more."

Army had no trouble whipping weak NYU 75-51. The Cadets, with Bill Schutsky getting away for 23 points, chewed up the Violets with their disciplined patterns and shut them off inside with what NYU Coach Lou Rossini calls their "bunking" defense. Syracuse got caught in the same trap. Steve Hunt scored 32 points, Schutsky 27 and the Cadets took their ninth straight, 95-75.

St. Bonaventure found itself trailing Villanova 59-58 with 3:12 to go in the Palestra. So 6'11" Bob Lanier, who wears size 19 sneakers, went to work. He scored on a rebound, blocked two shots and scored again, blocked another shot to set off a successful fast break, and that took care of the Wildcats. The Bonnies pulled through 66-62. Temple, which lost to Penn State 81-68 for the 13th time in a row at University Park, beat Villanova, and at the Wildcats' own game, too. The Owls' varied zone defenses were simply better than Villanova's, and Temple won 61-52.

Syracuse was no match for Niagara's remarkable Calvin Murphy. He rattled in 50 points as the Purple Eagles outscored

the Orangemen 116-107. Murphy got 42 more against St. John's, but the Redmen found a way to stop him when it really counted. Behind 59-53 with 8:28 to play, Coach Lou Carnesecca put his team into a zone press. Murphy got only one more field goal and St. John's rallied to win 74-73 on Rudy Bogard's shot with two seconds to go. Boston College beat Providence easily 86-70, but Holy Cross, with Keith Hochstet and Ed Studat each scoring 30 points, surprised the Eagles 89-82.

If there were any doubts about Columbia, the Lions dispelled them last Saturday. They came from behind on 15 straight points by sophomore Jim McMillan, who scored 32 in all, to beat Princeton 69-60.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (14-1) 2. TENNESSEE (14-2) 3. KENTUCKY (13-4)

There's hardly anything South Carolina's Frank McGuire likes better than beating Duke, but it did not look good for his team when the Blue Devils led by 10 at the half in Columbia. So McGuire put in his ace passer, Jack Thompson, who has been ailing with a pulled hamstring. The Gamecocks began pecking away at Duke's lead, and six free throws by Thompson and Skip Harlicka in the last three minutes finally beat the Blue Devils 83-80. "I'd just like to end the season now," said McGuire happily. "I don't want to play anymore."

But McGuire and South Carolina had to go down to Wake Forest where local partisans greeted the Gamecocks by tossing a live Orpington rooster out on the court. Then the brash Deacons tore apart South Carolina's 2-1-2 zone. It took 30 points by Harlicka to subdue them 80-76. Duke also had its hands full, with Virginia, before winning 90-78. North Carolina, however, still held the Atlantic Coast lead. The Tar Heels, after coming from behind to beat Florida State 86-80, got past Maryland 73-67.

It was Adolph Rupp's week in the SEC. First, Kentucky gave The Baron his 772nd win—to break Coach Phog Allen's career record—by beating Mississippi 85-76 at Oxford. Ole Miss fans gave Rupp a standing ovation, and Coach Eddie Crawford presented him with the game ball. "I really feel great," said Rupp, "but I'm glad it's all over." Then his marvelous sophomores—Mike Casey, Dan Issel and Mike Pratt—outshot LSU's Pete Maravich, 70 points to 44, and the Wildcats won again, 109-96.

Florida, it seems, has a special talent for

upsetting Vanderbilt. The Gators did it in Gainesville, and last Saturday they shocked Vandy in Nashville, 91-85, for the first time ever as Neal Walk scored 35 points. Tennessee, the SEC leader, was not exactly overwhelming while beating Mississippi State 65-57, but the Vols were at their best against Mississippi. Billy Justus shot an 21 points, big Tom Boerwinkle grabbed 21 rebounds, and Tennessee smashed Ole Miss 88-46.

"It will be nice getting back home," predicted Davidson's Lefty Driesell, and it was. The Wildcats celebrated by battering West Virginia 91-77 to regain the Southern Conference lead. Virginia Tech was happier in Blacksburg, too. The Gobblers defeated Toledo 76-65.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (20-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (17-2) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (14-4)

Nothing is sure for long in the Southwest Conference, but for now Baylor is the team to beat. It is not so much that the Bears are winning, but the way they are doing it. Baylor had no trouble beating Rice 70-52, but when Texas A&M took a 40-27 half-time lead in the Aggies' noisy Rolfe White gym, it seemed to be all over for Baylor. But Tommy Bowman and Russell Kibbe, who scored 49 points between them, led the Bears to a 77-67 victory. "You've got to hand it to them, the way they came from behind," said A&M Coach Shelby Metcalf.

TCU, meanwhile, was fading. The Frogs lost to Arkansas 68-67, and then Texas Tech upset them 83-65. Arkansas, which beat SMU 70-68, and Texas, a 68-64 winner over Rice, were tied for second.

The best teams in the area, however, were still the independents. Unbeaten Houston ran over Fairfield 108-76 as Elvin Hayes scored 48 points. New Mexico State (page 20) beat West Texas State 76-64 and Hardin-Simmons 95-87, while Oklahoma City bombed Wisconsin at Milwaukee 127-99 and Loyola of New Orleans 92-77.

THE MIDWEST 1. DRAKE (15-3) 2. LOVELL (10-4) 3. MARQUETTE (14-3)

Every week a new leader—that's the theme in the Missouri Valley. The latest is Louisville. The Cardinals, apparently over their early stumbling, got to the top when they beat St. Louis 73-63, while Drake was upset by Wichita State 79-78 and Cincinnati was losing to Bradley 74-72. Louisville maintained its half-game lead—over Drake, which came back to whip North Texas State 77-67—by taking Cincy 81-65.

Otto Stutz's Fred Taylor would hardly have believed that, almost halfway through the season, his Bucks would be leading the Big Ten. But they were, after beating Wisconsin 86-64, when Purdue, with Rick

Mount shooting in 30 points, knocked Northwestern out of the lead, 98-89. Illinois, playing good defense under new Coach Harvey Schmidt, polished off Iowa 66-63 and was just behind Ohio State. But one sad truth is apparent: Big Ten basketball this year is not as good as, say, the Ivy League's. Earlier in the week, Cornell beat Ohio State 76-64 at Columbus and then lost to Princeton by 20 points (71-51) at home.

The Big Eight also had a strange leader. When Oklahoma knocked off Kansas State 73-62, Iowa State, with a mediocre 9-9 overall record, moved into first place. Once they stopped trying to run with Colorado, the young Cyclones settled down to score an 84-66 victory as Don Smith got 25 points in the Mid-American, Toledo, which beat Kent State 72-62, had the lead to itself when Marshall upset Bowling Green 73-62 and Kent shocked Western Michigan 73-69.

Marquette Coach Al McGuire did not plan it that way—in fact, he accused DePaul's Ray Meyer of staging it—but when Marquette's Pat Smith and Bob Zortech, DePaul's leading scorer, got thrown out for fighting early in the game, it proved to be a strategic victory for the Warriors. Without Zortech, DePaul had trouble scoring, and Marquette won 58-53. Notre Dame's Johnny Orr ran into trouble in Michigan. His Irish lost to Michigan State 89-68 and Detroit 82-79, while Loyola of Chicago clobbered Ohio U. 109-68.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (16-1) 2. NEW MEXICO (17-1) 3. WYOMING (14-5)

Even the rich have problems. UCLA's John Wooden returned from an Eastern swing to learn that Forward Edgar Lacey had quit the team, criticizing the coach for his strategy against Houston and saying, "I've never enjoyed playing for that man." Wooden, however, refused to get involved in a war of words. "I care about him," he said. "I hope he finds the peace he's looking for." Then Wooden sent his Bruins out to zone press furiously against USC. They scored the Trojans into early errors, Lew Alcindor scored 32 points and UCLA won 101-67.

New Mexico's dream of an undefeated season (page 20) died in Tucson. The Lobos lost to Arizona 69-68 on two goading calls in the last three minutes. Wyoming also went down, to Arizona State 92-91 in Tempe. Utah lost its fifth straight, to Oregon 85-77 at Eugene, as Coach Jack Gardner watched the last 23.10 of the game from the upper balcony after drawing his third technical, but they perked up back home, beating Utah State 105-92.

Santa Clara, with victories over San Jose State 82-64 and Santa Barbara 85-72, took over first place in the West Coast AC. Loyola of Los Angeles and San Francisco were only a half-game behind.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NO OBFUSCATION

Sirs:

Frank Deford is either the world's greatest writer or the world's biggest fraud. As I sat reading his story on my old buddy Bill Currie (*The Mouth of the South*, Jan. 29), I had the strange feeling that Currie had written it himself. Surely, Bill Currie is the greatest and most interesting collegiate sports announcer in the country. And this comes from a fellow who, as a basketball play-by-play announcer for Clemson and later as color man for Furman, had to compete against the Mouth.

CHUCK COOPER

Ashens, Ala.

Sirs:

The fine article about Bill Currie was the best I have read in your magazine since I started to subscribe. Although I am a North Carolina State fan and not a Carolina fan, I love to hear Bill Currie broadcast the Tar Heel games. He makes me feel like I'm really at the game and not 100 miles away.

KEN GRAHAM

Salisbury, N.C.

Sirs:

As an avid fan of the Mouth of the South, I can tell those who haven't had the pleasure of hearing him that he is fantastic.

There is not much you couldn't say about Bill Currie, but I believe that he is not only the funniest but also the best sportscaster in the country today. Thanks to SI for your captivating article; but even bigger thanks to Bill Currie just for being Bill Currie.

TAHERA KILLY

Charlotte, N.C.

BUGGED

Sirs:

After reading Tex Maule's article on computerized scouting (*Make No Mistakes About It*, Jan. 29), I was compelled to write you. Salam Qureshi stated that football "will always be dependent upon human inspiration and human error." If this be the case, I see no reason for using computers to determine a team's weak and strong points and give that team an unjust advantage over its opponent. Football definitely is a game in which the results depend on the performance of humans and not on the efficiency of a bundle of wires.

PHILIP MARLISSANO

Pelham, N.Y.

Sirs:

An Indian helping the Cowboys? That's a switch!

FRED KEELEY

San Jose, Calif.

INNER CIRCLES

Sirs:

I have to take exception to Bob Ottum's coverage of the recent U.S. Figure Skating Championships (*Bold Bowley for John Misha*, Jan. 29) when he characterizes the school figures as "this sort of silly warm-up." Perhaps he allowed himself to be too carried away by the spectacular free-skating exhibition of Petkevich. Freestyle skating might be said to represent the outer art of figure skating, while the intricate tracing of the school or compulsory figures represents its inner art. The latter demands unwavering poise, delicate balance, rare accuracy and the will and patience for countless practice—which some freestyle skaters find irksome, to their detriment. Moreover, there is something quietly inspiring in the way a Peggy Fleming, completely concentrated, gracefully traces the school figures.

G. M. W. KOSAR

New York City

Sirs:

Congratulations on a great article by Bob Ottum. For the second year in a row he has given the public an interesting article on skating, while at the same time making those of us in the skating world laugh at our sanctimonious selves.

Mr. Ottum states that John Misha Petkevich has been coming along unnoticed. We in the Pacific Northwest have been noticing him for a long time. He is undiscovered only to those who have not been following his career. We have a few more like him coming along, but we will keep them under wraps for Mr. Ottum to discover at a later date.

ALAN J. ZELL

U.S. Figure Skating Association

Portland, Ore.

ANCHORS AWASH

Sirs:

Captain Robert P. Beebe's *Parasurmaker* (*A Boat Built To Go Places*, Jan. 29) is the antithesis of today's stock powerboats, ugly boatlike creations that are wholly unsuited for the element on which they bob around. Let us hope he has started a trend toward yachts that are designed and built to go to sea, where they belong.

JERREMS C. HART

Litchfield, Conn.

CLOCK WATCHER

Sirs:

I have just finished reading your January 29 SCORECARD article about the Dallas fans who obtained the official NFL watch used in the championship game and claimed that it was slowed down by the cold. Don't

get me wrong, I'm certainly not a Packer fan. I just want to point out that these fans used the evidence to their own benefit.

All of the "extra" 123 seconds could not have appeared in the last period. More likely, each quarter was 30 seconds too long, and the first half should have ended about one minute earlier than it did. Thus Danny Villanueva's field goal that made the score 14-10 was kicked during half time and the final score, instead of being 17-14 in favor of Dallas, would actually have been a 14-14 tie, sending the game into sudden-death overtime. Who is to say what would have happened?

DANIEL J. BROKIN

New Haven, Conn.

RUNNING COMMENTARY

Sirs:

I knew what an exceptional runner Ron Delany was, but I did not realize what a colorful writer he is. Ron and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are to be congratulated for a remarkably enjoyable series (*The Running of the Green*, Jan. 15 et seq.).

THOMAS W. COURTNEY

Jacksonville

Sirs:

In Part 2 of *The Running of the Green* by Ron Delany you featured a photograph of the controversial invitational half mile at the 1955 Coliseum Relays. Needless to say, this picture brought back somewhat painful memories. Ron's description was quite appropriate.

I have derived much reading pleasure from this series.

MAJOR ARNOLD M. SOWELL

Fort Lee, Va.

● Olympians Courtney and Sowell both have painful memories of that 1955 race: Sowell was bumped off the track, Courtney was disqualified and Delany was declared the winner—ED.

Sirs:

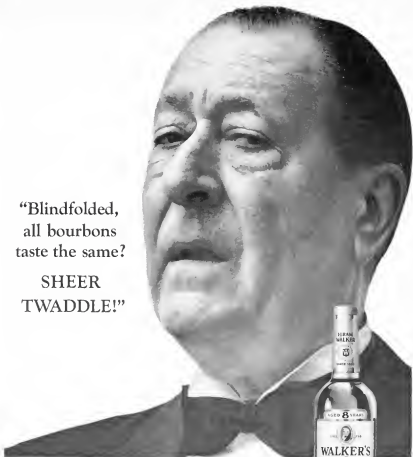
The three-part article by Ron Delany was pure delight. Once again SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has captured the warm, human aspect of the wonderful world of sport.

However, although I have much respect for Mr. Delany and his greatness, I have to take issue with his statement of Villanueva's greatness for the five-year span of 1955-59. It was difficult for me to conceive of five years elapsing without the USC Trojans capturing an NCAA outdoor championship. A check of the record books proved my intuition correct. In the 1955-59 era, Villanueva won only one NCAA outdoor championship. When USC won the title in 1958, it

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

was for the eighth time in 10 years. Thank you for letting me set the record straight.

LOUIS C. GARGARO

Barbark, Calif.

Sirs:

I was fortunate enough to visit Ireland last November before coming to Vietnam, and I found that Ron Delaty is known by his Irish countrymen not only as a great runner but more so as a great sportsman and ambassador of goodwill.

His articles brought me fond memories of the indoor and outdoor seasons of the past and a slight pain in my heart for the Olympic year I will miss.

LIEUT. ROBERT W. O'CONNOR, USMC
U.S. Armed Forces, Vietnam

MAILING COLUMBIA

Sirs:

In his article *Unlikely Heroes at Pale Blue* (Jan. 22), Joe Jurek intimated that this was the first time Columbia ever had a good season or that basketball hysteria prevailed. He probably doesn't recall the 1950-51 season when Columbia entered the NCAA tourney with a 22-0 record. This was the first undefeated team to enter the tourney since its beginning in 1939. The Lions were eliminated by Illinois in the first round, but they had a superb all-round player in John Azary, Ivy League and Metropolitan New York MVP. Going back a little farther to 1948, the Lions had a 21-3 record going into the NCAA tourney, only to be eliminated by the Olympic-bound Kentucky Wildcats. I think Mr. Jurek was trying a little too hard to glamorize the '68 team and to subdue the nostalgia of yesteryear. One player alone, Chet Forte, who was an All-American in 1957, evoked almost the equal of the present "hysteria."

I realize that the teams of 17 to 20 years ago seem like ancient history, but I am sure they fall well within the period between Barnard's establishment and the present. The years sure do flip by quickly in the sports world. I am not a Columbia alumnus, but Mr. Jurek should know that the Lion has roared many times before this year.

FRANCIS A. HARDING

East Brunswick, N.J.

Sirs:

I believe that you presented a distorted image of Columbia basketball. You failed to demonstrate how our "collection of studious athletes" has succeeded through determination and faith. Columbia students always have been basketball fans, in spite of their intellectual curiosity.

As Swinburn wrote, "Body and spirit are twins. God only knows which is which."

JAMES M. McHANEY JR.

New York City

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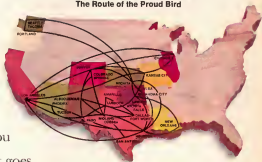


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BY FABERGE

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